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BEAUTIFUL FEET.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

Walk abroad in the crowded street—
Watch, if you will, for beautiful feet.
Where the sweeping length of the trailing dress
The pavement hurs in a fond caress.
Look at the feet that in and out
Peep from the dress as they walk about;
Feet that uphold a weight of care:
The feet of beauty and pride are there:
But most beautiful feet are those that go
On deeds of charity, to and fro.

Look at the faultless feet, and small,
Spurning the touch of this earth at all;
Light as the spring of a young gazelle,
Walking proudly and walking well.
Feet of manhood, and feet of youth,
Treading firmly the paths of truth;
Feet of dear ones—so very dear
That their fall is music unto the ear.
These are the beautiful feet that go
On deeds of charity, to and fro.

Not the feet that in crowded halls
Glide the waltz where the music calls;
Not the feet that in haughty pride
Turn from the poor of earth aside.
Small and supple may be these feet,
Closely fitted, and trim and neat,
Something lack they of beauty still,
Something that this alone can fill;
Beautiful feet are those which go
On deeds of charity, to and fro.

THE LIVING MYSTERY;

OR,

THE OLD HOUSE AT GRASSMERE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FATE," "CHRISTMAS BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

There stands the house in solemn gloom,
Black as the night and dismal as the tomb.

"Maud, I am trying to persuade Miss Lawley to accompany me to the village. It is bright overhead, crisp under foot, and not too cold. I have offered to play showman to all the dead, brick-and-mortar lions, and see that she does not take cold; but still she hesitates. Can you throw in a word to weigh down the balance?"

So said Chudleigh, leaning against the balustrade in the great Hall, clad in rich garments of seal and Cheviot; and as he spoke he looked up smilingly to where Maud was standing, then at Carlotta, who, book in hand, stood at the open door of the drawing-room.

"Liberty Hall, Liberty Hall," said Maud, her soft, bright face lit up with a smile. "You can trust yourself to his guidance, Carlotta, if you can go. He is very safe, and will not let you slip."

"I am not afraid of slipping," replied Carlotta quietly; "but," she continued, with a smile, "shall I not be troubling you?"

"I have won," said Chudleigh eagerly. "If that is your only objection you can go and get your bonnet at once. But—don't let me take you away from your book by force," he said suddenly, a doubt seizing him whether she really cared to go or not.

"I should like to go very much, if I should not trouble you."

So they went, walking side by side down the avenue and across the park into the clear, frost-bound road that led to the village.

"Now for the lions," said Chudleigh. "You see that red house on the hill there? Guess what it is."

"I cannot," she said. "It is very ugly. The workhouse."

Chudleigh laughed.

"Oh, capital," he said enjoyingly. "I must tell that to Sir Fielding. He will love you to the end of his days. That is Gregson's Folly, built by a Manchester millionaire named Gregson. His grounds border upon the park; but we see very little of the family, as my father has taken umbrage at the close proximity of Gregson's palatial dwelling-place."

"A millionaire?" said Carlotta, gazing, as it seemed to her companion, with renewed interest at the ugly monstrosity.

"Aye, a millionaire," said Chudleigh, with a touch of sadness in his deep voice. "It is a grand title, is it not?"

"Yes," she said, and, to his surprise, a deep gravity came into her voice and eyes. "Yes; wealth is the grandest thing in this world."

For a moment he was too astonished to reply. He found it difficult to believe that the sweet, pure lips could have uttered such an assertion; then he said earnestly:

"I do not think so. And—you will pardon me—I am astonished to hear you say so. Ah, you were sarcastic."

"No, I was not," she said simply. "You have never been acquainted with poverty; I have. A lion in a story-book and face to face in a huge forest are two different things."

He looked at her, and would have replied, but a something about her lips stopped him.

"Has he any children?" she said.

"Yes, two daughters and a son," said Chudleigh. "We don't know much of them, because Sir Fielding will not visit them. I meet the Gregsons, father and son, in parochial affairs occasionally, and Maud is on speaking terms with the ladies. Indeed, she rather likes them, and would have been glad to have accepted their invitations; but my father is stern, and his decrees are as unalterable as were those of the Medes and Persians."

"There is the barrier of caste betwixt the Hall and the Folly," said Carlotta dreamily.

"That is it," said Chudleigh with a smile. "But it is a barrier not of my building, remember."

"That is a pretty cottage," said Carlotta as they entered a little lane, whose frosted hedges and bare, thick-boughed trees gave promise of a verdant avenue in Summer-tide.

"You like it?" he said eagerly. "That is your future home!"

"Lady Mildred's!" she said, the color rising to her face.

"Yes," he said. "It is very beautiful in the Summer. The river runs at the back, an orchard stands at its side, and there is a croquet lawn unrivaled in the county."

"You have pictured an Eden," she said, smiling.

"It is; at least to me," he said. "I spend—that is, I used to spend"—he put in quickly, and the girl flushed slightly at the addendum, "most of my time here. There is a little boat-house at the end of the garden, where many treasures of mine in the shape of angling, shooting, and skating lie hidden. Are you fond of boating?"

"I don't know what to answer," she said. "My experience in boating is un-English. I only know the gondola of Venice."

"Venice!" said Chudleigh. "You have added another story to the edifice of envy. I do envy you. You seem to have traveled all over the globe."

"You would not," she said gravely, "if you knew all. What is that little Gothic place there?"

"Our curate's; that is the steeple of the old church you see in the hollow there. We have no rector, you know—or rather, of course, you don't. The curate holds a sort of perpetual appointment. He's a very capital little fellow, does his work well, and is respected and liked from one end of the parish to the other. His name is Hawes—Stephen Hawes. There he is," and Chudleigh raised his hat, as a short, fair-haired young man, dressed in the usual ecclesiastical long coat and high waistcoat, emerged from the doorway of a cottage.

Then they walked on towards a dark piece of woodland, until they reached a broken, moss-eaten gate, which barred a path weed-grown and untrodden. Holding it open for Carlotta, Chudleigh said:

"We are going to the old Rectory."

"A Rectory here!" she said. "How deserted and unclerical it looks!"

Chudleigh did not reply, and they traversed a long, winding path as solitary and overgrown as the piece at the gate for some distance, the trees growing thicker and more wild-looking, when a sudden turn brought them to a large square that had once been a lawn, but was now nothing but a wilderness of long, rank grass, and Carlotta, looking up, saw facing her a huge, straggling mansion of ancient architecture, and bearing on its every side some sign of decay and neglect. Its time-eaten walls, down which the damp had drawn long green wrinkles, its black, dust-obscured windows, broken gables and rotting stonework filled her with nameless awe and dread, and her voice insensibly quivered and grew hushed as she said:

"And this is the Rectory?"

"Yes, this is the Rectory," replied Chudleigh, with slow gravity. "It is a grand old ruin, is it not?"

"Yes, grand and awful," she replied dreamily, gazing at the forsaken pile with thoughtful eyes.

"You could scarcely imagine this house alight and alive with warmth and color, wealth and prosperity, only twelve years back, could you?"

"No," she said, simply. "The windows look as if no human face had ever gazed through them, the steps as if they had never been trod ten upon, and this grass-plot I cannot imagine has ever been anything but the soul-stirring piece of wilderness it is."

"And yet, only twelve years back, the Rectory for life and merriment could outshine any house in the county. There is a history attached to it. Would you like to hear an outline while we walk round?"

"I am eager to hear anything respecting it" she said, and her large, dark eyes lit up curiously.

"Once upon a time, then, you must know that the Durants—singular name, isn't it?—strangers always call it 'Durrant'—it is Durant, the 'Du' long—were among the mightiest people of this part of the land. They were of very ancient lineage, but without titles, for they invariably refused them, of enormous wealth, and great popularity. The land you see round this deserted place had belonged to them as long as anyone could remember—how long no one could find out, though many an antiquary had pored over parchment and black letter in his endeavors to do so. We Chichesters, though priding ourselves on our old name, are mush-rooms compared to the Durants. No; I was wrong in saying that they had no title, for they always had one in the family, and that was Reverend. The son, generally the eldest in each generation, held the living of Grassmere, and since the old church has been built it has owned no rectorship save that of Durant. Don't be alarmed; I am not going to take you back to the first Durant and downward, with a history attached to each. I am only going to tell you how this old place came to be deserted.

"You must know, then, that the present owner is a certain Maurice Durant, who disappeared twelve years ago, and has never been heard of since. His father, Gerald Durant, was a schoolfellow and firm friend of my father, though totally unlike him, having no taste for books or study, and being rather given to hard riding, hard drinking, and fast spending. Still, however, they were great friends, and I don't believe that Sir Fielding has ever known another man he could place upon a similar footing.

"Gerald Durant married ten years before my father, and had one son—this Maurice mentioned—of whom he was worthily proud. His love for him was a passion almost of the fearful in its intensity, so they say, and 'Gerald's Boy' was a bye-word in the county. Nothing was good enough for him. No extravagance was sufficiently prodigal to meet his wishes. Nothing Maurice desired, if it was on earth and procurable at any cost, did his father deny him. The result you can imagine. Maurice grew into manhood with the pride of a king and the hauteur of a Spanish hidalgo. He was sent to college, and there, to the almost unutterable delight of his father, he took honors and holy orders. He came of age. The whole village was decorated. Twelve oxen were roasted whole. A flock of sheep and several thousand pounds were given to the poor, and a grand ball, distinguished by a princely magnificence, was held at the Hall, at which was gathered the *elite* of the county and a host of the best blood from the Court, all in honor of Maurice. Then came the time when he grew restless. He must travel.

"Gerald Durant, for the first time in his life, gave a reluctant consent, but consent still. A tutor and companion was obtained, and the parting, which nearly broke the old man's heart, took place.

"Maurice started for the Continent. For six months letters came from him with tolerable regularity. At the end of that time they grew few and far between. The father looked wan and anxious—more wan and anxious when they ceased altogether, and no messenger or inquiry could discover the whereabouts or the track of the missing son—for it had come to that. Maurice Durant had deserted his tutor and servants one moonlight night in some German village, and had flown, leaving no sign behind.

"Then the father's heart grew harder. His hand was closed against the poor, and his house against his friends. He shut himself up in this dreary place, refused all offers of consolation and comfort, and waited for the end. It came.

"One bleak March night a horseman rode up the avenue along which we have just walked, and, dripping with the rain, his hair blown across his face by the wind, demanded to see Gerald Durant.

"He was refused admittance. It was Gerald Durant's order that no stranger should pass the threshold of the Rectory. The horseman thrust a letter into the servant's hand, and bade him bear it to his master, saying it contained tidings of his son. The servant took it to the dim, ghastly room, lined with faded tapestry and dusty books, in which the old man spent the few remaining days this side of eternity, and then retired. An hour afterwards, fancying he heard a noise, he returned, and found his master stretched across the table—dead. The contents of the letter no one ever knew; for all that remained of it was a little heap of ashes in the grate, and the horseman had vanished as suddenly and mysteriously as he had appeared.

"That is the history of the Rectory, as I have heard it a hundred times. Miss Lawley, you are quite pale, and, surely, not weeping? How thoughtless of me! I might have known that the cheerless place and the story would affect you. Pray ——"

And with self-reproachful eagerness he seized her arm.

"Forgive me! I am very foolish," she said; "but you told it too eloquently. I could see the poor old man! And has he—Maurice, did you not say—never been heard of?"

"Never," said Chudleigh curtly, anxious to get away from the subject. "Now let me take you to see the church. No, stay; that is too dismal after this. We will walk round the village homeward, and finish the lions another day."

CHAPTER IV.

Nothing is better, I well think,
Than love; the hidden well-water
Is not so delicate to drink.—SWINBURNE.

Oh, great one, some men love and are ashamed;
Some men are weary of the bonds of love;
Yea, and by some men lightly art thou blamed,
That from thy toils their life they cannot move,
And 'mid the ranks of men their manhood prove.
* * * * * *
Think, then, will it bring honor to thy head
If folk say: "Everything aside be cast,
And to all fame and honor was he dead?"—
ATALANTA'S PRAYER TO VENUS.

A week passed, rapidly as it seemed to the inmates of the Hall, for to Sir Fielding there were seven days less of the short grace afforded him to meet the large sum required at the end of Spring. To his son, Chudleigh, the days had flown by with the speed happiness always lends time; for he was happy—happy with a strange, inward joy, the source of which he could not discern, although he had only to search his own heart to unearth it immediately. So happy was he in those short December days, notwithstanding the cloud which hung over his fortunes, that he longed for them to last forever. As for Maud, rejoicing with all her heart in the acquisition of her new friend, she was more prodigal of her rippling laughter and sunny smiles than ever, and flitted through the old house with her arm wound round the waist of the beautiful Carlotta like a flash of sunlight leading the moon captive.

And Carlotta, whether she were happier than usual, her face and manner did not chronicle. Always speaking in the soft-toned musical voice, always ready to exchange serene, loving glances with Maud, or a quiet smile for some pleasantry of Chudleigh's, she looked as if she were too used to change, pleasant or otherwise, to be affected by the sudden gleam of peace and prosperity thrown across her path. Only to Sir Fielding did her serenely calm bearing ever vary; to him her manner was inexpressibly soft and tender. Her attention was absorbed immediately by him if he spoke to her. She would listen to his rambling, old-lore talk with her dark eyes fixed on his face, wearing an expression which Chudleigh would have given a world, had he possessed it, to find in them when she looked his way. For, try as he would to ignore the fact, Chudleigh's heart was slipping away from him fast, his knees were bending to the dark, queen-like form with the adoration of love. He struggled against it manfully, for he read no encouragement in Carlotta's eyes; but the strange thrill at her chance touch, and the buoyant feeling of happiness in her presence, and the joyous echo of his heart to her low, musical laugh, grew hour by hour.

During the week Chudleigh had fulfilled his promise, and finished the lions for Carlotta; but after that first day, when he told the story of the Rectory, they were always accompanied by Maud. Fond as he was of his sister, he could have spared her presence in these Winter walks and gallops; but some chance-word of Carlotta's always brought Maud with them, and Chud.'s sensitiveness, quickened by the sharp point of Cupid's dart, perceived that Carlotta purposely planned against another tete-a-tete with him, and for a little time the idea gave a certain reserve and coldness to his manner; but the ice melted beneath the calm serenity of Carlotta's smile, and before three days had passed he was as much in bondage as ever. Once or twice in the course of conversation Carlotta let fall some incident or other of her strange life; but it was only when off her guard, as it seemed, and each flash of confidence was followed by a tightening of the lip and a sudden marked reserve, which only served to deepen the mystery in which her life seemed wrapped.

On the eighth day of their sojourn at the Hall, Chudleigh walked into the drawing-room, where Lady Mildred, Carlotta and Maud were sitting, and, passing up to her ladyship's arm-chair beside the fire, said:

"I have just seen Chaffer the decorator. He tells me the cottage is quite finished."

"Eh?" said Lady Mildred, waking from a pleasant dream of a game at whist she was playing with a good hand and half-crown points. "What do you say, my dear Chud.? The cottage finished? Carlotta, do you hear? We must think of packing."

Chudleigh's laugh with polite indifference, but there was an eagerness in his voice he could not hide.

"Packing!—nonsense, aunt! That the cottage is finished is no reason why you should fly from the Hall like a caged pigeon suddenly released. Besides, I could not think of allowing you to go for another—week," he was going to say; but in for a penny, in for a pound—"month ——"

"Nonsense, Chud.!" interrupted Lady Mildred. "Another month? Long enough to dry a cathedral. Besides, the cottage has only been whitewashed and repapered, or something of that sort—has it not?"

"Oh, lots of things; it's very damp, indeed, very damp," said Chudleigh earnestly. "You mustn't think of going for some weeks at least."

"Ah, but I want to get settled, Chud. Think how long I have been away, gadding about. Have some fun! I'll all over the house, and find out anything of that sort you can think of, Chud., there is a dear boy, so that we may get into our little nest—Carlotta and I—in three or four days."

"You are in a great hurry to leave the Hall, aunt," said Chudleigh with a slight frown; then, walking over to where Maud and Carlotta sat leaning over some views of Italy, he added: "I hope Miss Lawley is not so anxious to fly from us—at least, she will not declare her eagerness so openly?"

She looked up with a smile at his anxious yet smiling face.

"You know I am not," she said. "I should be very sorry to go, but that we shall not be far away, you know. We can see the north turret from the cottage."

"Oh, you must not go yet," broke in Maud eagerly. "What should I do without you? and what would papa? If you go, there will be no one to talk to him about his authors, or find quotations in his books. O aunt! you must not go. It will be so lonely when you are gone, will it not, Chud.?"

Chud. said nothing. Perhaps he did not hear from where he stood beside the fire, looking into the glowing coals.

"Say you will stay another fortnight," continued Maud, going over to her aunt and kissing her. "Be a good auntie, and let me have Carlotta a little longer."

"Carlotta can stay, my dear, if she likes," said Lady Mildred graciously.

Chudleigh looked up quickly.

"Will you stay?" he said eagerly.

She shook her head.

"No, thank you very much. If Lady Mildred will let me, I will accompany her," she said, almost coldly, after a minute's pause, lifting her eyes for one instant to his face. "No; I think I will go with Lady Mildred."

Chudleigh said nothing more. Perhaps the remembrance that he could see the cottage from the north turret at any time he liked to mount it was consolation enough to keep him silent.

In a week's time they had gone, and the Hall seemed strangely still and solemn without Lady Mildred's quick, cheerful chatter and Carlotta's low-toned voice. Chudleigh had gone over with them in the carriage, and, waiting barely long enough to receive his aunt's thanks for the way in which the cottage was decorated, and Carlotta's few quiet words in admiration of the drawing-room, returned to the Hall with a nameless void in his heart and a great feeling of ennui. Maud was in her boudoir, and, hearing him pass on his way to his own room, she called him.

"Back already, Chud., dear?" she said as he came behind her chair and stooped to kiss her. "I did not expect you back to dinner, and was thinking how lonely I should feel with only quiet papa and Simmons, the butler, to keep me company. Why didn't you stay, Chud.?"

"Why didn't I?" said Chud. "Why should I? It is not likely they would ask me on the very first day of their taking possession. I should have been in the way—a nuisance."

"A dear old nuisance," breathed Maud, caressing his hand. "What do you think of Carlotta? Is she not beautiful, grandly beautiful?"

"Yes," said Chudleigh, staring at the fire.

"And so clever. She knows all about the old books, and the new ones too, which papa is so fond of, and has traveled so very much. My poor geography does not go half so far as Carlotta has been. Yet, poor thing, while I envy her I cannot help pitying her at the same time—can you, Chud.? She seems so unnaturally quiet, so solemnly calm, and her smile, though it is so beautiful, is so sorrowful and sad somtimes. Do you know, Chud., I think Carlotta has not found life very pleasant up to this time. She so seldom speaks of her father, never of herself, and seems to shun the past so carefully. Did you notice that, Chud.?"

"Yes," said Chud again.

Maud looked up.

"Are you listening, brother mine? I don't believe you heard or understood a word of what I have been saying."

"Yes, I have, little one," said Chud. "I was thinking."

"What of?" said Maud. "Those horrible books and accounts the steward is always bothering you about, I suppose. Poor Chud.; they are worrying you into wrinkles."

She laughed sweetly as she stroked his strong hand with her tiny soft ones. He had not been thinking of them, but her words brought them to his mind and deepened the shadow across his forehead. What if he did love? No, no; it could not be. He was poor. He had his way to fight, and could not drop his sword or unbuckle his armor to woo and wed a portionless girl, the daughter of a man whom the world called an adventurer, be she as queenly as Cleopatra and as beautiful as the first mother, Eve.

"We shall have a storm," he said, stretching his great limbs into an upright position. "How much longer are you going to toast your toes, miss? I must go and dress."

CHAPTER V.

Behold! your house is left unto you desolate.

The storm prophesied by Chudleigh had come, dashing the sleet against the windows of the library, and causing Sir Fielding to look up from his book with a start—rattling through the avenue of chestnuts as if it meant to strip the branches of their very branches, and sweeping across the moor, and amids the belt of trees round the deserted Rectory, till they bent beneath the bitter blast and moaned like living creatures writhing beneath a scourge.

It would seem impossible for a human being to stand against the furious drenching of the icy sleet, yet the dark figure of a man, closely wrapped in a black cloak of foreign make and shape, bent his head against the downpour, and, struggling like a wrecking ship in the deep troughs of a heavy sea, literally fought its way across the moor in the direction of the wood. Sometimes, when the wind paused to gain fresh strength and fury, and the blinding sleet lifted and lightened for a moment, the man quickened his pace like one well accustomed to wrestle with the elements, and used the respite to good purpose, tightening his cloak around him; then, bending his head low when the wind rose again, he relapsed into the old attitude of stolid determination.

It was a grand sight to witness the tall, massive frame, capped by a grand head, round which a wealth of thick black hair was blown with each gust of the wind; the dark face lit up by large, piercing, sadly resolute eyes, and ennobled by a handsome though sternly set mouth, contesting inch by inch the desolate path with the furious elements. For an hour the struggle lasted, the warfarer progressing slowly but surely towards the friendly haven of the dark oaks looming in the distance; and, relaxing his sturdy attitude not one whit, nor resting a moment till he had reached the rickety gate—which had been torn from its rusted hinges, and lay a perfect wreck upon the ground—and stood panting but triumphant beneath the leafless branches of a huge old oak. Then, loosening his coat, he raised his traveling-cap, and, sweeping his scattered hair from off his wet forehead, exclaimed:

"Whew! a tough fight. England, I left thee in a storm, thy thunders hurling menace at my back, and I come back to find thee no more ponderous, but prepared to sweep me from thy face with ice and sleet."

Then he leaned against the tree, and, folding his arms, looked upon what little he could see of the desolation around.

"A wreck!" he muttered moodily. "A wreck! Heaven forsaken and man forsaken! Ah, old trees! what have you and I suffered since last you looked down upon me? We both bear traces of it too. You are black and gnarled, and I—bah!—who says the Wandering Jew lives but in fable? The old house must be almost within sight. Strange that my heart leaps at the thought of seeing it! I fancied there was scarcely enough blood left in me to leap at anything! But the old house!—the old house!"

Then he relapsed into silence for a moment, his face growing darker and his eyes blacker as he gazed moodily at the sodden ground; but suddenly his self-communing commenced abruptly, almost fiercely.

"Why should I see it? What good can it do thee, thou lost sheep, to stare at the old homestead? What good, say I?—rather what amount of evil? A happy past is best forgot; it makes the bitter present more galling to the mind. Bah! does the air of England breed sentiment, or has the storm scattered the little brains I had?"

And, shaking himself till the wet flew from his coat in a shower of glistening drops, he emerged from the shelter of the tree and strode up the path which led to the front of the desolate mansion. Then, looking up at its windows re-echoing the storm, his face grew white, and his hands, large and sinewy, clenched under his cloak across his heart, vainly trying to keep down the storm raging within, that threatened to burst forth in unison with the storm without. For a moment he stood motionless as a statue; then, drawing a deep breath of pain, he groaned between his clenched teeth:

"'Behold, your house is left unto you desolate!'"

And, muttering this twice, thrice, a score of times, he stood, exposed to the pitiless sleet and the fury of the wind, gazing at the ruined house as if he were, indeed, the senseless stone he resembled.

* * * * * * *

When the storm commenced Maud was in the drawing-room, idly fingering the keys of the grand piano, occasionally breaking away from her thoughts sufficiently to play a scrap from one of the operas.

Once she commenced singing an old English ballad which her father had dug up from some forgotten collection; but the wind played so discordant an accompaniment to the soft, sad words, that she ceased, and half-determined to go in search of Chud., who was writing a letter in his own room; but, struggling against her weakness, she sat still to listen to the rattling sleet, and, touching the keys restlessly, commenced Gounod's "Ave Maria;" but at the first bar of that melody—surely the most sublime of devotional music—she succeeded in forgetting the storm, and, half-closing her eyes, lost herself in the subtle wailing of the music, which rang through the room like a living friend bringing consolation and assurance.

As she played, the tall, dark figure, which but little time since stood gazing at the deserted Rectory, appeared at the window outside the window, its face sunk upon its breast, and its hands clasped in front of it. With the last note throbbing, dying through the air, Maud rose, and, the glamour of the music still over her, seated herself in a low chair by the fire, and there, lulled by the storm and the dead red of the coals, she fell asleep, her beautiful face lit up with the smile that only the pure and childlike at heart can wear. How long she slept she knew not; but a slight noise awakened her, and, looking up with a start, she saw the dark figure standing in the room looking at her. With a low cry of alarm she rose from the chair, and, pressing one hand against her heart, held out the other as in supplicating terror. The stranger lifted his head with a grave smile, such that reassured her even before his lips opened, and, in a voice whose noble gentleness charmed all her fear away and filled her with a nameless thrill of pleasure, said:

"Madam, be not afraid; I am not so harmful as my appearance may proclaim me. For this intrusion I crave with painful humility your forgiveness. It was not intentional. I sought Sir Fielding Chichester. The night is dark and the storm confusing, and I, a stranger, missed the path. Nay, rather, your music drew me from it. By some chance a side door had been blown open by the wind; I entered—wrongly, I admit with sorrow—and, meeting no one, found my way here, and, struggling like a wrecking ship in the deep troughs of a heavy sea, literally fought its way across the moor in the direction of the wood. Sometimes, when the wind paused to gain fresh strength and fury, and the blinding sleet lifted and lightened for a moment, the man quickened his pace like one well accustomed to wrestle with the elements, and used the respite to good purpose, tightening his cloak around him; then, bending his head low when the wind rose again, he relapsed into the old attitude of stolid determination.

JAQUES OFFENBACH. FLORIMOND HERVE. CHARLES LECOCQ.

OPERA-BOUFFE CELEBRITIES.—See Amusement Annals.

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"Whew! a tough fight. England, I left thee in a storm, thy thunders hurling menace at my back, and I come back to find thee no more ponderous, but prepared to sweep me from thy face with ice and sleet."

Then he leaned against the tree, and, folding his arms, looked upon what little he could see of the desolation around.

"A wreck!" he muttered moodily. "A wreck! Heaven forsaken and man forsaken! Ah, old trees! what have you and I suffered since last you looked down upon me? We both bear traces of it too. You are black and gnarled, and I—bah!—who says the Wandering Jew lives but in fable? The old house must be almost within sight. Strange that my heart leaps at the thought of seeing it! I fancied there was scarcely enough blood left in me to leap at anything! But the old house!—the old house!"

Then he relapsed into silence for a moment, his face growing darker and his eyes blacker as he gazed moodily at the sodden ground; but suddenly his self-communing commenced abruptly, almost fiercely.

"Why should I see it? What good can it do thee, thou lost sheep, to stare at the old homestead? What good, say I?—rather what amount of evil? A happy past is best forgot; it makes the bitter present more galling to the mind. Bah! does the air of England breed sentiment, or has the storm scattered the little brains I had?"

And, shaking himself till the wet flew from his coat in a shower of glistening drops, he emerged from the shelter of the tree and strode up the path which led to the front of the desolate mansion. Then, looking up at its windows re-echoing the storm, his face grew white, and his hands, large and sinewy, clenched under his cloak across his heart, vainly trying to keep down the storm raging within, that threatened to burst forth in unison with the storm without. For a moment he stood motionless as a statue; then, drawing a deep breath of pain, he groaned between his clenched teeth:

"'Behold, your house is left unto you desolate!'"

And, muttering this twice, thrice, a score of times, he stood, exposed to the pitiless sleet and the fury of the wind, gazing at the ruined house as if he were, indeed, the senseless stone he resembled.

* * * * * * *

When the storm commenced Maud was in the drawing-room, idly fingering the keys of the grand piano, occasionally breaking away from her thoughts sufficiently to play a scrap from one of the operas.

Once she commenced singing an old English ballad which her father had dug up from some forgotten collection; but the wind played so discordant an accompaniment to the soft, sad words, that she ceased, and half-determined to go in search of Chud., who was writing a letter in his own room; but, struggling against her weakness, she sat still to listen to the rattling sleet, and, touching the keys restlessly, commenced Gounod's "Ave Maria;" but at the first bar of that melody—surely the most sublime of devotional music—she succeeded in forgetting the storm, and, half-closing her eyes, lost herself in the subtle wailing of the music, which rang through the room like a living friend bringing consolation and assurance.

As she played, the tall, dark figure, which but little time since stood gazing at the deserted Rectory, appeared at the window outside the window, its face sunk upon its breast, and its hands clasped in front of it. With the last note throbbing, dying through the air, Maud rose, and, the glamour of the music still over her, seated herself in a low chair by the fire, and there, lulled by the storm and the dead red of the coals, she fell asleep, her beautiful face lit up with the smile that only the pure and childlike at heart can wear. How long she slept she knew not; but a slight noise awakened her, and, looking up with a start, she saw the dark figure standing in the room looking at her. With a low cry of alarm she rose from the chair, and, pressing one hand against her heart, held out the other as in supplicating terror. The stranger lifted his head with a grave smile, such that reassured her even before his lips opened, and, in a voice whose noble gentleness charmed all her fear away and filled her with a nameless thrill of pleasure, said:

"Madam, be not afraid; I am not so harmful as my appearance may proclaim me. For this intrusion I crave with painful humility your forgiveness. It was not intentional. I sought Sir Fielding Chichester. The night is dark and the storm confusing, and I, a stranger, missed the path. Nay, rather, your music drew me from it. By some chance a side door had been blown open by the wind; I entered—wrongly, I admit with sorrow—and, meeting no one, found my way here, and, struggling like a wrecking ship in the storm than entered if I have caused you one second's uneasiness."

Pouring out this strange confession, in a voice almost tremulous in its musical softness, with a slightly foreign accent that lent it an additional charm, and expressing with a slight gesture the most profound yet eager humility, he bent low before her.

"I—I am not frightened," said Maud, her gaze riveted on the face and form that were noble and kingly, notwithstanding their expression of profound respect. "I will call my father. Will you be seated?" and, still unable to remove her eyes from him, she walked towards the door.

With a gesture he declined a seat, and, crossing to the fire, leaning one arm upon the carved mantel, the firelight making a ruddy background to his stalwart form, looked towards the door and waited.

In a few minutes it opened, and Sir Fielding entered, and, advancing towards the stranger, said in his mild, dreamy voice:

"You wish to see me?"

The stranger fixed his dark eyes upon the pale, smooth face for a moment, seemingly absorbed in contemplation; then, waking as it were with a start, replied, in a voice from which all the tenderness had gone, leaving a stern, cold music behind:

"Do you wish to see me, Sir Fielding Chichester?"

The old man started with an exclamation; then, going close up to the speaker and scanning his features anxiously, exclaimed, as his face lit up with the light of recognition:

"Maurice Durant!"

The son of Gerald Durant, for it was he, nodded.

"Yes, Maurice Durant. You are surprised, Sir Fielding, yet not so much as I, for a week since I had as little thought of seeing your Chichester Hall as Heaven."

"Thank Heaven!—thank Heaven!" exclaimed Sir Fielding, grasping the outstretched hand, and wringing it with his feeble one. "O Maurice, Maurice! we all thought you were dead."

"Heaven has not proved so kind," muttered Maurice Durant.

"We never expected to see you again. And you have come back to us as suddenly as—as ——"

"Why do you hesitate?" said Maurice, frowning. "Yes. A week since I was sleeping in a peasant's hut beside an Alpine ravine. I dreamt of England—dreamt so vividly that when I awoke the vision had left a longing for the reality. I struggled against it, but—bah! when a man fights himself, what chance has he of victory? I decided to come—I came—I am here."

He strode up to the fire, extending his hands towards the blaze.

"Dear me—dear me," said Sir Fielding, thoroughly bewildered by the deep voice, the strange gesture and the foreign accent, as much as by the singular manner of the man. "I heard no carriage drive up."

Maurice faced round.

"Nor do I see how you could, considering that I trod your moor and heath from north to south, and fought my way against a greater storm than those which carry an avalanche upon their backs. I walked."

"Walked! Heaven bless me!" said the Baronet. "Then," catching at the cloak, "you must be, you are, wringing wet. My dear sir, this is enough to give you your death!"

Maurice Durant smiled a smile without a particle of mirth in it.

"Death!" he replied. "Death will not come to me clad in a cold. I have slept in damper sheets than these, and found them frozen in the morning. Take no heed of me, but rather of your carpet, which I am gradually spoiling."

"Never mind the carpet," said Sir Fielding hastily, and walking towards the bell. "You must change your clothes immediately. I will tell them to see that my own room be got ready for you; meanwhile, if you accept my son Chudleigh's, in which you will find a fire ——"

Maurice Durant held up his hand with a gesture of almost impatience.

"Sir Fielding, I shall be gone in five minutes. Cease, I beg of you, for it pains me to give you a refusal. A whim seized me to take one look at the Hall. I fought my way here through the storm, and, standing outside this window, was drawn hither by your daughter's music. Why should I stay? I have seen her whom I left a child, you whom in the old time I had more than friendship for, and there is naught left for me but to return," and with calm composure and a majestic pace he swung his cloak round him and held out his hand.

Sir Fielding stared at the stern, weather-tanned face, with its deep wrinkles and great, piercing eyes, in astonishment.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "You cannot again brave such a night as this; it would be an insult to me! At least," he added hastily, as Maurice Durant shook his head—"at least you will stay and eat something?"

Still the stalwart figure held out its hand, and Sir Fielding grew despairing as he saw the heavy forehead darken impatiently.

"Well, if you will neither rest nor eat, at least you will wait and see Chudleigh?" he cried.

"I think not," was the reply. "I shall get another opportunity soon, perchance. At this moment I am anxious to be on my road again."

"Where are you going—where will you sleep?" asked Sir Fielding in utter bewilderment, and feeling powerless before the stern will which proclaimed itself in such gravely musical tones.

"The village, Maurice Durant, is a long way; there is no inn on the road; not a single place that will open its doors to you to-night ——"

"Save one," said Maurice Durant in a significant tone.

"Which?" said Sir Fielding.

"The Rectory," replied the other. "I sleep in my own house to-night."

Sir Fielding shuddered.

"No, no!" he breathed, "you shall stay!" and, going to the door, he called out: "Chudleigh!"

Chudleigh came down the stairs with a promptitude quickened by curiosity, for he had never heard his father's voice raised so loudly before.

"Chud," commenced Sir Fielding with agitation, but before he could get farther the traveler stepped forward, and, laying his strong hand on the Baronet's trembling arm, said in a deep, grave voice, quickened by the rich foreign accent:

"Chudleigh Chichester, your father would keep me prisoner in his castle, and I am forcing my way out; you are a friend to freedom, and will sympathize. Sir Fielding, it is not right to break one's oath. I have vowed to sleep beneath no roof in England before my own. Good-night!" and, raising his cap with a gesture of farewell, he strode to the door, and, before either Sir Fielding or his son could recover from the commanding charm of his manner, it had swung to behind him, letting in a blast of icy wind and a shower of sleet.

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Sir Fielding; "how changed! I seem to be dreaming! Maurice Durant! Maurice Durant!"

"Maurice Durant!" breathed a low voice at his side as Maud's trembling fingers clasped his arm. "Papa—he might have been a king!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

WHO'LL SMACK THEIR LIPS NOW? OR WHY HE PREFERS BRANDY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

We Americans are the greatest set of people for solving mysteries, I'll venture to say, that ever lived; and even though we spoil a good thing, like Helen's Baby, we will always watch "just to see the wheels go wound." Among those of us who glory in the enjoyment of nice things it is not at all uncommon to hear the lips smack when speaking of the rich champagne quaffed to the success of a favorite candidate, or the health and happiness of a successful bridegroom and bride. The mere thought of the rich flavor which "sticks to the lips," as the saying is, causes the lips to come in contact with an involuntary smack of ecstatic glory that seems to say: "Ah! methinks I taste it now." But the man who can smack his lips with anything like an ecstatic air after reading the following description of the champagne we drink—or, in other words, after seeing how "the wheels go wound"—must be blessed with a stomach that would do honor to a cannibal.

It is characteristic of Americans in affluent circumstances to take a "vacation" to Europe, to go in for enjoyment in every conceivable way, and there participate in all those wonderful luxuries of which they have only hitherto read. To this end an aristocratic young friend of mine visited Paris last season, and since his return to his native soil he has been relating his wonderful experience, and expatiating on the mysteries he has solved. It has been noised, however, that when invited to "smile" again, as was his wont with his jolly friends of yore, in a glass of hissing wine, he would turn deathly pale, and quickly exclaim:

"Oh, no! Give me a drink of brandy, quick, to settle my stomach."

This has become so noticeable of late that considerable anxiety has been manifested to fathom the mystery, seeing that he is a young man of robust health and was never known to "go back" on champagne. To learn the cause of this sudden change in his taste, I, as his medical adviser, urged an explanation, when the following revelation was made:

"Well, you see, after having indulged in all other high-toned luxuries of Parisian life, I chanced to notice a very attractive sign on an elegant building, bearing these words: 'The American Home. The Baths Given Here.' I had often read of blood baths and wine baths as being great luxuries in France, but what they were had never fallen to my lot to experience, and as I was thus reminded of the latter and tempted by the sign, I thought I might just as well go in for one, if only to solve the mystery and prove that no

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

A. L. H., New Haven.—1. Miles **Johnson** won the champion gold badge offered by the Rhode Island sportsmen's Club in 1870. He was won from him by Ira Paine, Sept. 28, same year, by a score of 84 to 76 out of 100 birds; Paine subsequently def-ating Ed. Tinker for the trophy, Oct. 29. Same year, score 96 to 84, both these matches being shot at Fleetwood Park, Morrisania, N. Y. The next match for the badge was with A. H. Bogardus, taking place at the Union Course, L. I., Jan. 25, 1871, when Paine again won, by a score of 88 to 86. Bogardus immediately challenged him to shoot again, and they met at Fleetwood Park, May 23, same year, Bogardus winning, scoring 87 to 86. On July 29 following Paine tried to win back the trophy, but was beaten, the match being shot at Chicago, Ill., and the score standing 91 to 89. 2. Paine held it at that time. 3. Bogardus has not since been beaten in a championship match, the last for the Badge having taken place at Chicago, May 15, 1873, Bogardus' opponent being E. W. Tinker, who scored 85 to the Captain's 87. As the badge was to be held two years before becoming the permanent property of a winner, Bogardus then became entitled to its possession.

H. B. W., Sandusky.—Our decision was right. If B was giving A 5 per cent. by raising A's score from 35 to 41 and increasing from 41 to 44 the number he himself had to go, then you and your 'card professors" are right. But the game for both was but 41 and B was giving but three. This left each with but two to go. With sancho, pedro and both out, the-re was no way for A to win the game but by making sancho, pedro and high. With B making sancho, or pedro, or game, to him of necessity to win, since he held both high, and low. Any other two points, along with high, put B out. If B had had three points *to go*, A would have been out on his jack, even though B had made high, low, game, sancho and pedro. B had three to *get by* cards, but only one to go in the game.

DOUGHERTY.—He gains five dollars. Your injunction that we shall not "take into consideration the value of the horse" is more than unreasonable. Unless the animal has an ascertained value, there can be neither profit nor loss. As the problem is stated, his value was $100; the apparent profit on the first and second transactions was $16, because the horse had suddenly depreciated that much in value; and this profit was reduced one-half because the horse suddenly appreciated five dollars in value, and, therefore, leaving the original investment, the owner the possessor of $105 and no horse, in place of no dollars and a horse which had clearly been worth, at the beginning, $100.

M. S. H., Rochester.—In "tug-of-war" contests a rope 1½ inches in circumference and any required length, according to the number of men engaged, is used, having a mark in the centre, which mark must be directly over a crease in the ground when the word "heave" is given. Upon either side and in a direction at right angles to the crease, at other crease, and the team hauling the mark on rope over its own crease win the contest. No foot-holes must be made before the start, and contestants are not allowed to have spikes in their shoes, but can contend in stocking feet or slippers if they prefer.

S., M. & C., City.—The dimensions of targets adopted by the N. R. A. in 1876, 1877 and 1878 are as follows: 1. Creedmoor, are: Third class, up to and including 30yds., 4x6ft.—bull's-eye, circular, 8in. in diameter; centre, circular, 20in.; inner, circular, 46in.; outer, square, 6x6ft. Second-class, 200yds., and including 500yds., 6x6ft.—bull's-eye, circular, 22in. in diameter; centre, circular, 38in.; inner, circular, 54in.; outer, circular, 7ft. in. First-class, all above 600yds.—bull's-eye, circular, 30in. in diameter; centre, circular, 54in.; inner, square, 6x6ft.; outer, square, 6x12ft.

F. W. YOUNG, Fort Stockton.—1. Such records as we have you will find in THE CLIPPER. 2. They can be issued early in January on application to Col. Donald Davis in a 12½ acre park on the Fashion Course, L. I., Nov. 23, 1868, winning by eight feet. Conrad also beat Poke Perry, 70yds., same place, Dec. 15, 1868. After the case of nearly all short-range best-of-seven professionals in this country, the men did not go from a standing start. 3. A letter sent in our care will reach either man. Davis resides in this city, and Conrad somewhere in the Far West.

G. T.—1. She never acted Meg Merrilies in the Fifth-avenue Theatre, or anywhere else. 2. B wins, unless McClellan had 8,000 votes in excess of the whole number cast for the Democratic candidates for the Governorship. Eight thousand over the highest will no more answer than eight thousand over the lowest. We cannot assume that A meant the one because he says so, without also having to assume it occasion required his saying so, that he meant the other.

C. H., Cleveland.—1. Yes. You could thus make one, or perhaps two, when otherwise he might render your hand worthless by turning it down. Or, if you have a worthless hand, you may save two by ordering him up, as otherwise he might; or else win a four-handed game, and two out of three. Mace's last ring fight was with Joe Coburn. 3. Bendigo and the Tipton Slasher are both alive. 4. They never met in the ring as opponents.

J. H. W., Jersey City.—Mr. McMAC will be published at the beginning of January. 2. No reliable record, his races having generally been run from a flying start, and the timing not to be depended upon. 3. Canto is a jump, as that style of jumping is seldom practiced. Jim Murray is said to have cleared 9ft 9in. in a backward jump, at Philadelphia, recently; but we do not know how the mea sure of it was made.

A. AND B.—The certificate is *prima-facie* evidence only. It is not conclusive. There may be a contest, and R. may get the seat. That would be final, and R. would be considered the man; but a certificate of election is sufficient evidence to justify stakeholders in giving up stakes. The election's being contested imposes a moral obligation upon the stakeholders to have been given up.

SHERIFF, Grayson County.—Leaping and tumbling are acrobatic feats; trapeze and brother-acts are gymnastic feats; cannon-ball performances are feats of strength; leaping over horses is an acrobatic act; and the performances by a trick horse could not strictly be called an equestrian performance, unless some person rode the horse as in a mazeppa act.

W. H. W.—The Lydia Thompson Troupe first appeared in America, this city, Sept 28, 1868. Elise Holt first appeared in this country in Boston, Mass., Dec. 21, 1868, and in this city Feb. 16, 1869. 2. Her name is not Shaw from the bet; and the fact that B was betting on a certainty does not alter the condition of affairs.

MEMBER OF W. UDALL'S CIRCUS, Cuthbert.—The largest run of record ever made at the three-ball game is 417, by William Sexton. Larger runs have, of course, been made on smaller tables, and in exhibition games, some of which professed to be matches; but these performances are not of record.

M. A. B., Baltimore.—1. Ten Broeck was accompanied by other horses in his races against time, to encourage him. He made his first three mile time, it is said, against another horse. 2. Lula beat Goldsmith Maid a race at Rochester Aug. 14, 1875. 3. We believe Mr. McKimmon is in Blackwood Pr.

J. J. MCC., Benson.—At most games of cards, he who misdeals forfeits the deal. There are some games in which this is not the case; and at seven up it is optional with the next player on his left whether the dealer loses his deal or not.

VINDEX.—No; it is not enough that he got 10,000 majority over the next highest. If A can only be elected that was his meaning, he could also have claimed, in case McClellan had received but 10,000 majority over the lowest, that he meant over the lowest.

J. J. F., Bridgeport.—A player, who holds his cards so that the light illumines them at the back should not play for money, and he who would take advantage of such a player should in future be avoided by the latter in card games.

RHADAMANTHUS, Baltimore.—1. There are forty or more of them, and among their publishers are the Petersons of Philadelphia and Robert Bonner of this city. 2. As a true record of the weight of horses, and eyesight is often deceptive in such matters.

C. J. F., San Jose.—A letter addressed to him in care of this office will be advertised in our letter-list free of charge, and will probably reach him. Put on envelope his line of business and the name of the show he was with when last heard from.

DAUGHERTY, Phila.—A can so make a ten. How otherwise could a combination ever be made? There is a distinction between building and combining. Thus, if A "handed" five, he could not be said to "build" a flush and a deuce from the board to *build* A's "five" to "eight."

C. S. GALLERY, Richmond.—1. The rifles used by the American team in the late international match at Creedmoor were the Remington, manufactured by the Sharp and Remington Companies. 2. Send along the result of such competitions as may take place there.

CONSTANT READER.—Rockaways are no law on railroad bonds. 2. Generally in their own sales, or in a safe-deposit company's safe. 3. Cannot say, because that bank sometimes prints bills of large denominations for special purposes. 4. About 42 cents.

R. L. D., Indianapolis.—No. Confine your efforts to the dramatic stage. Submit a piece to some manager; and if he will produce it, note what suggestions he points out, and accept them. The reading of standard pieces will aid you in construction.

KENO, Indianapolis.—A novice cannot command any salary. After he has made a successful début in public and met with some degree of success, he may get from $25 per week upward, according to his merit and reputation, and as the latter qualifications increase so will the salary.

W. H. P. AND J. Q., Wolcottville.—1. W. C. Heenan was born at West Troy, N. Y. 2. E. L. Davenport was born in Boston, Mass., in 1816. 3. He is a professional. 4. Wm. Vaughan walked 50 miles in 7h. 27m. 58s., finishing second to Geo. Ide.

L. J.—As the racing season is over, you will find it difficult to get a situation as jockey in a racing stable. Your best plan is to advertise or write to the principal trainers for a position.

R. L. R.—"Rose Michel" was acted for the last time in the season of 1875-76, April 18, 1876, it fell to the regular engagement that Miss Rose Eytinge fulfilled in this city expired.

ARGUTUS.—1. Edwin Forrest died in Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 12, 1872. 2. Niblo's Garden, while under the management of Barrett & Palmer, was destroyed by fire May 6, 1872.

REMBT, Newark.—1. McClellan did not get 10,000 majority. 2. The duty of the stakeholder in this particular case is plain. When he asks us what it is, and repeats the statement you have made, we shall tell him.

STAR, Warren.—We do not publish biographies of professionals in this department. Our opinion is expressed in our reviews of the performances named.

J. G. S., Kansas City.—Thank you for item sent. We do not require a regular letter, but items of fresh and reliable news are always acceptable.

T. KIRK.—For one year, including postage, $5: six months, $2.50; three months, $1.25. Have sent a copy of THE CLIPPER.

A., B. C. AND D.—A and D win. The quickest time in which 100 rats have been killed by a dog is 5m. 25s., by Jimmy Shaw's Jacko, in England.

S. W. D., Toronto.—"Hester Gray, or Blind Love," is probably a translation of the same play from which "Stricken Blind" was derived.

CONSTANT READER, Cincinnati.—We would not so advise you, because there are many of established reputation who cannot procure lucrative engagements.

F. P. A. M. S., Jersey City.—Lydia Thompson never acted in this country in any other capacity than that of a star, and never danced in any ballet here.

C., Louisville.—She has been divorced from her husband, has married again and has retired from the profession.

T. J.—A natural vingt-un must be in two cards, and these have to be the first two dealt. An acquired vingt-un (or twenty-one) can be embraced in several cards.

D. F., Chicago.—We have not the statistics at our command, but we should very much question if the percentage is as high as 45, or anything like it.

TAMMANY, Holyoke.—Please define what you mean by a New York State politician. Judges are politicians nowadays, and not more than Governors.

C. S., Camden.—It B called it "nine," then he could not add the nine from the board and call "nines." A player cannot have two calls at one play.

F. H. S., Providence.—Doyle carried the ward, and he wins who bet on Doyle. Nothing was said about a majority.

D. W. S., Toronto.—Have sent your letter to Canoe & Co.

NEW HAVEN.—Caldeck (Twenty-Ist Eighth street., N.Y.

RANJOIST, Trenton.—Address him in care of this office.

E. L. H., Westboro.—Cannot undertake to recommend.

J. A. B., Bellaire.—Such dramas are not on public sale.

FRED, New Bedford.—R having refused to play, A wins.

MISS J. C., Charleston.—We have advertised your letter.

WAPPINGER'S FALLS.—See "S. W., Wappinger's Falls."

W. S. M., Rochester.—Letter has been duly claimed.

G. C., Ancaster.—Write to Ed. James as per his card.

J. F. MCM., New Lexington.—Have advertised letter.

C. H. S., Kalamazoo.—The players can have two fouls.

E. D., Philadelphia.—We have not the official returns.

JOHN MURRAY.—Sent her letter to Gardiner, Maine.

S. S. C. R., New Albany.—See answer to "Anxious."

J. F. D., Philadelphia.—Have sent you the letter.

ANXIOUS.—We prefer not to recommend anyone.

PREP, Athens.—See the Dobsons' advertisements.

C. L. H.—Will endeavor to answer next week.

INQUIRER, Cincinnati.—That puts him already down.

RICHMOND.—Aces are lowest in poker-dice.

PEDRO CLUB, Cambridge.—A is set back 10.

MYRON, Frostburg.—Have not got them.

B. B., Reynolds.—The shield is the head.

NO SIGNATURE.—B is out on his high.

P. S.—Jack, the highest euchre-card.

GUNSMOKE.—Have not the letter.

F. S., Buffalo.—They are brothers.

MRS. D. M. J.—Yes; the Sorosis.

C. F.—Eating, by that family.

JIM BRUCE.—She is.

CONCERNING the controversy between Bogardus and Paine, the shootists, "Our Jim" says that "those who shoot at glass-balls shouldn't throw stones." This goes to show that Jim was not "off his feed" on Thanksgiving-day, although it is questionable whether he was doing right in eating his holiday dinner at the "Five-points Mission."

IT'S A SAFE KIND of sport to tar and feather people over in Huntington, Long Island; but in Erie, Pa., they don't take the same pleasure in the noble pastime, else why did they send three men to prison for merely tarring and feathering an unappreciative young woman of that town whose attractions seemed to be Erie-sistible?

ABOUT THIS TIME loud calls are made for the literature of the past, and that is why our leading publishers announce revised and corrected editions of "Jack the Giant-killer," "Mother Goose," "The Life and Death of Cock Robin," etc. Old heads and young hearts alike cry for them.

SOMEHOW OR OTHER the striking cigarmakers must have got the lighted end in their mouth, for they not only complain of the "pigheadedness" of the employers, as Keyser would say, but they are now being set out on the sidewalk by their unscrupulous landlords. We predicted this.

THERE IS no truth in the report that Mr. S. Bull is on the warpath again. He has a standing offer to go on shares with the Nez Perces, but he is contented with his present situation. [We have not italicised the words *standing* and *situation*, in deference to the intelligence of our readers.]

THE "SOCIETY OF THE CROSS" and the "Society of the Cross and Crescent," recently organized in this city to aid those afflicted by the cruel war in Turkey, did not work well together, and the former collapsed, while the latter isn't very well. They seem to have been engaged at *cross* purposes.

RAPACIOUS CHICKEN THIEVES are already operating in backyards. We would therefore caution our friends against hanging turkeys out-of-doors. Venison should be kept indoors likewise, and chickens must not be permitted to run at-large. Let our warning-words be heeded.

WE PREDICT a mild Winter in the Southern States, with a tendency to heavy storms in the Middle and Lake region, and a good deal of snow in the more northerly counties. Freezing weather may be looked for, or warmer or cloudy, just as the case may be.

WHEN THE Huron struck, a hand who had not been three years before the mast cried out as the vessel was thumping the life out of her: "What is it? What are we on?" In that moment of danger a wag replied: "It's the Kitty Hawk, *Huron*!"

SCARCITY of tramps was noticeable in this city on Thanksgiving-day and the day preceding. Making inquiry as to the cause of their sudden exit, we learned that there was an ox-roast in Philadelphia, on the 29th, free for all. Hence, etc.

PERHAPS it is better that Commander Ryan of the Huron went down with his ship; for, had he survived, he wouldn't have been likely to have gone down any longer with the Navy Department, if we are to credit what the growlers say.

WE HAVE had in type, for the past month, a singularly rhythmical poem entitled "Beautiful Snow," sent to us by an anonymous writer, but which the backwardness of the season has prevented us from giving to our readers.

HAS ANYBODY said anything about the cat-show in Philadelphia being a very a-mewsing exhibition? We should also like to ask whether any of our comical contemporaries have called New York's baby-show a crying evil?

THE SMALL BOY of our fathers will bear watching just now, when the holidays are looming into view. For he moves in a mysterious way at such times, and his footsteps fall lightly in the kitchen closet. "They all do it."

AN IGNORANT country scribbler writes to us to ascertain whether it is called baseball because of the base conduct of some of the players. Every day somebody tries to make bad out of good baseball players.

THE MANAGERS of the Philadelphia dog-show were quite liberal, nearly every animal being awarded a prize. From this it is evident that canine sagacity is better appreciated than it used to be.

WE BEG TO STATE, as a remarkable sign of the times, that the baby-show doesn't contain a single specimen of the rag-baby. Is not this a condemnation of the rag-money policy of the great West?

WE TAKE this opportunity to notify our readers that Brother William Cullen Bryant's new poem, "The Flood of Years," has no reference to the tender-hearted Brother Shearman of Brooklyn.

PATTERSON—concerning whom time has failed to enlighten us as to his assailant—is now acting on the offensive, as may be learned by latest telegrams from Washington, D. C.

WITH A HEAVY HEART we learn that the statue of Shakespeare, which is so be set up in the park at St. Louis, has been cast in Munich. We thought it was to be cast in bronze.

A CHANCE FOR THE CORONER.—Messrs. Bogardus and Paine publicly proclaim their desire to shoot each other. Where's the police *now*?

JOHN MORRISSEY, who went through the Seventh Senatorial District with such ease, is now following the example of Sherman by "marching through Georgia."

THERE WAS plenty of wine-drinking going on at our indoor festivities on Thanksgiving-day, but it was noticed that the water was kept outside.

REPAIRING railroad tracks in populous cities is a desirable job for workmen, since it enables them to take repeated rests between cars.

JUST OUT.—"His Own Mistress," a sequel to "Her Own Master."

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** Nov. 26: The wreck of the Huron was reported to have been caused by a mistake of the navigator in his bearings.....Francis L. Cardoza, ex-treasurer of South Carolina, was sentenced, at Columbia, S. C., to two years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of $4,000; ex-Congressman Smalls received three years and $5,000, and L. Cass Carpenter two years and $1,000. .....By the overturning of a locomotive on the New York and Long Branch Railroad two men were killed and five others wounded.....In the Keystone furnace at Easton, Pa., John Loeb was struck by a hoisting-car and instantly killed..... The trial of forty rioters, indicted for murder, was begun at Wilkesbarre, Pa.....The case of Butler was discussed in the Senate.....An accident on the Montclair and Greenwood Lake Railroad, at Hackensack Bridge, N. J., caused the death of Engineer Lance.....James Cockburn fell through a trestle at Hoboken, N. J., and was killed. .....Intelligence was received of the conjoint fortieth-anniversary of Reuben Fenton, of Jamestown, and Elizabeth, his wife. The private baby-show opened; Louisa Berger attempted suicide for the eighth time; the veterans of the War of 1812 celebrated Evacuation-day; argument for a new trial of Robert L. Case was made; Elijah and Richard D. Alliger, charged with misapplying the funds of the company for which they were agents, were arrested; the body of John McHale was found in the North River; burglars took $10,000 worth of goods from Henry J. Meyer's bonded warehouse on Greenwich street; Antonio Erico, the Bottle-alley murderer, was captured by the police..... By cable: An order was issued for the closing once more of London's famous Temple Bar—but the other bars will not be interfered with; severe storms on the English coast.....Fires: Guyer Brothers' brewery, near Rahway, N. J., together with 1,000 barrels of beer —loss $34,000; a frame dwelling-house at Clifton, S. I.—loss $6,500.

*** Nov. 27: All-night session in the Senate..... Minister to England John Welsh was banqueted at Philadelphia.....More bodies were washed ashore from the wrecked Huron.....Geo. O. Ingham was arrested at Cleveland, O., for robbing the mails. It's sometimes the males but oftener the females that get a man into trouble.....Mr. Roper was strung to a rope by a mob in Columbia, Tenn.....Mary Wilson of Jersey City cut her throat and died.....Three men at Erie, Pa., who tarred and feathered a woman, were sentenced to from one to ten years' imprisonment.....Twenty colored people were drowned and thirty houses swept away by floods in Shanghai, China.....The City news: Libby O'Brien was recaptured as she was entering a Broadway hotel; the side-doors of the saloons were generally open; Samuel Heisberg, a jealous husband, was whipped on Third avenue by Henry Guile, whom Samuel denounces as not guileless; the ferry-boats Hackensack and Pavonia collided in the North River, but nobody was hurt; the body found on West Twenty-third street was recognized at the Morgue as that of "Indian Charley," formerly a circus-rider.....By cable: The American officer Capt. Greene received the Russian Order of St. Andrew for bravery at Shipka Pass; fifteen hundred Paris merchants called on MacMahon to "submit."....Fires: A business block at Jackson, Tenn., in which it was feared several lives were lost; James Corrigan's barn at Newport, R. I., a four-year-old boy perishing in the flames; the pulp-mill at Holyoke, Mass.—loss $7,500; Scheiber's metal molding factory at Williamsburg, L. I.—loss, $1,000. A number of minor fires occurred in this city, involving small losses.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ALCOTT, Abby May.—Wife of A. Bronson Alcott, and a lady of broad culture and superior talents. She was a daughter of Col. Joseph May, and a sister of Samuel J. May. She was born in Boston, and for many years was a resident of that city. She devoted much of her time to charitable pursuits, and was a graceful, ready writer. Her daughters, Louisa M. Alcott, the authoress, and May Alcott, the artist, have both achieved distinction—Concord, Mass., Nov. 25.

ARNETT, Thomas.—A minister of the Society of Friends. He was the author of a number of theological works, and was respected for the purity of his life and the sincerity of his Christianity. He made a tour through Great Britain in 1850, where he was cordially received—Waynesville, O., Nov. 26, aged 86.

ALLEN, Elizabeth.—An old resident of Charlestown, R. I.—there, Nov. 28, aged, it is said, 105.

BURGESS, George D.—Judge of the Second Judicial District of this State—Troy, N. Y., Nov. 25.

BUCKINGHAM, E. R.—District-attorney of the Third Judicial District of Nebraska. He was a graduate of Yale College, and his death, which was caused by heart-disease, was supposed to have resulted from excessive boating exercise—Omaha, Neb., Nov. 29, aged 29.

BOWEN, James.—One of the chief stockholders and managers of the South Pittsburg Iron Works in Tennessee. He came from England two years ago, and represented an English company which invested $5,000,000 in Tennessee mineral lands and in erecting immense iron works at South Pittsburg—this city, Nov. 30.

BALDWELL, Charles B. B.—Commodore in the United States Navy. He was made a midshipman in 1844, and a lieutenant in 1852. He took part in the bombardment and passage of Forts Jackson and St. Philip and Chalmette batteries, and the capture of New Orleans. On July 16, 1862, he was commissioned as commander, and commanded the ironclad *Essex*, with the Mississippi squadron, for about a year. From March to July, 1863, he was in command of the Essex and of the mortar flotilla. During the next year he commanded the steamer Glaucus, in the North Atlantic blockading squadron, and thence went to the steamer R. B. Cuyler. He was promoted to the rank of commodore in 1874—Waltham, Mass., Nov. 30, aged 56.

CLEVELAND, Job—For twenty years an honored resident of Jersey City. He was mainly instrumental in the construction of the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad. His son Orestes has been Mayor of Jersey City, and also a member of Congress—Jersey City, N. J., Nov. 28, aged 73.

DAVIS, Jefferson.—A prominent lawyer of Newark, N. J. He died from injuries received while jumping from a train in the Centre-street depot—Newark, N. J., Nov. 25, aged 52.

DEVRIES, William—One of the leading merchants of Baltimore, Md., and the head of the firm of William Devries & Co., wholesale dry-goods dealers—there, Nov. 29, aged 74.

DE CORDOVA, Solemon.—A well-known merchant of this city engaged in the West Indian trade. He was a native of Jamaica, but came to this country twenty-six years ago. He was an uncle of De Cordova the lecturer—this city, Nov. 29, aged 64.

DUNLAP, William.—One of the early settlers of Burlington, Ia. He died suddenly of heart-disease—there, Nov. 26, aged 74.

GREENE, Nathaniel—A prominent citizen of Boston. In his boyhood he learned the printer's trade, and was afterwards connected with various newspapers, including *The Boston Statesman*, which he founded; was appointed postmaster of Boston, which position he held up to 1841, and again under the administration of President Tyler. In 1849 he sailed for Europe, and remained in Paris twelve years. While abroad he devoted himself chiefly to literary work. He published a "History of Italy," "Tales from the Germans" and "Improvisations and Translations." He was also the author of many fugitive poems, most of which appeared under the *nom de plume* of "Boscawen." His brother, Col. Charles G. Greene, was the founder of *The Boston Post*—Boston, Mass., Nov. 30, aged 80.

HICK, A. B.—Ex-President of the Bank of Rockingham and the First National Bank of Harrisonburg, Va.—that city, Nov. 29.

LEE, Peter B.—A printer who had traveled all over the United States on foot. He rarely boarded a railroad train, although his journeyings were almost continuous. He was a first-class printer, but an utterly shiftless man, as his roving habits indicated. He was well known in almost every large city of the Union, and made his last appearance in Chicago some eighteen months ago. He was a man of good education, extensive reading, and natural abilities of no mean order, and had he not been so thorough a Bohemian he might have risen to a high position. He was killed recently while endeavoring to get on a train at Huntsville, Ala.

MARVIN, E. M.—Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church South—St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 26.

MONTGOMERY, Richard M.—A prominent citizen of New Orleans, and well known as the commander of the Continental Guards of that city—New Orleans, Nov. 28.

PERKINS, Abraham B.—A member of the dry-goods house of Perkins & Co., Philadelphia—that city, Nov. 26, aged 72.

RICE, John—An old and successful merchant of Cincinnati, O.—that city, Nov. 25, aged 71.

SKIDMORE, Jeremiah—One of the oldest and most respected citizens of New York. He was born at Rockaway, L. I., came to this city at the age of sixteen, and for the past fifty-seven years was engaged in the coal business. At the time of his death he was senior member of the firm of Skidmore Sons, successors to the firm of Laing & Rudolph, of which he became a member in 1836—this city, Nov. 28, aged 85.

SANDERS, Carey N.—Paymaster of the United States steamship Huron; was drowned by the shipwreck of that vessel. He entered the service in 1869, and received his commission as passed assistant paymaster July 1, 1875. He was a brother of Dallas Sanders, a member of the bar of Philadelphia.

SMITH, Robert K.—A physician of some prominence. He had practiced at Darby, Pa., and for a time was physician-in-chief of the Blockley Almshouse and Hospital, Philadelphia. He was a surgeon during the war, and afterwards removed to Texas, where he died—Nov. 20, aged 61.

BLADE, Sir Alexander—A retired officer in the British Navy. He entered the navy in 1815, was commissioned lieutenant in 1827, and commander in 1841. In 1850, with the approbation of the Lords of the Admiralty, he joined the Turkish Navy. He was appointed a vice-admiral in that service for his assistance in its improvement and organization. During the Crimean War he was employed in conveying the British and French armies from Varna to the Crimea, and was present at the bombardment of Sebastopol and other active operations in the Black Sea. In 1863 he received the royal license to accept the Order of the Medjidie, as being wholly employed in the service of the Sultan, and in 1866 he also received the Order of the Osmanli. Sir Adolphus had also received the English, Sardinian and Turkish war medals with the Sebastopol clasp. He was appointed rear-admiral April 2, 1866, and placed on the list of retired vice-admirals in April, 1873. He was author of "Turkey and the Crimean War." He was a nephew of Sir Isaac Coffin Knight, Commander of the Bath in August, 1858, for services as Turkish admiral—London, Eng., Nov. 13, aged 74.

WAGNER, William—Editor of *The Freeport* (Ill.) *Anzeiger*, one of the oldest German newspapers in the West. He took an active part in the Bavarian Revolution of 1848, and in consequence was sentenced to imprisonment. By the aid of friends he escaped and fled to Switzerland, and thence to the United States in the time of Carl Schurz and other refugees came hither, in 1853. He founded *The Anzeiger*—Freeport, Ill., Nov. 26.

THE PHILADELPHIA DOG-SHOW.

The canine exhibition given at Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, during the past week, under the direction of Thatcher Goddard of Boston and other gentlemen, proved a financial failure; and not only that, but the award of prizes in many instances gave much dissatisfaction, and seemed to indicate a lack of knowledge and judgment. The show of dogs was good, but the suspicions entertained by the public as to the probable conduct of the affair caused the people to hold aloof. The award of prizes was as follows:

Champion English Setters—P. H. Harris' Lark, 4yrs, 58lb; he won only entry in the class; bitches—W. H. Gumbes' Fairy, 2½yrs., 50lb; no other entry. *Champion Gordon Setters*—W. M. Tileston's Lou, 3yrs.; no other entry. *Champion Pointers*—W. M. Tileston's Snap-shot, 9½., 55lb; no other entry. *Imported English Setters*—W. M. Tileston's Frank, first prize; W. M. Tileston's Fame, second. *Native English Setters*—J. W. Lauderbach's Prune, 2yrs. 11mos., first prize; A. W. Armstrong's Ned, 2yrs., 5-lb. second; bitches—G. C. Hubn's Lili, 7yrs., first prize; E. E. Hardy's Daisy, 20mos., second. *Dog Puppies*—E. E. Hardy's Ranger, 7mos., first prize; E. D. Page's Dash, second; bitches—John R. Bradley's Flora got the only prize offered. *Gordon Setters*—Wm. Struthers' Sport, 26mos., first prize; S. D. Bergen's Don, second; bitches—Michael Smith's Midge, 21mos., first prize; W. A. Mullin's Belle, second. *Imported Irish Setters*—Robt. Ellis' Guy, 16mos., first prize; F. T. Fassitt's Sport, 2½yrs., 50lb, second. *Native Red and White Setters*—J. W. Fassitt's Jim, 2yrs., 60lb., first prize; John H. Davis' Glen, 4½yrs., 67lb. second. *Stud Pointers*—Max Hellinich's Dan, best over 50lb, Jacob Starger's Frank; bitches—Wm. Copeland's Juno, 2½yrs., 44lb, first prize; Wm. M. Tileston's Dot, second. *Pointer Puppies*—A couple from the Rose Tree Hunt; first prize, S. W. Rawlings' Driver and Fly; the Rose Tree Hunt also took the special prize for the best three, paired, from one kennel. *Irish Setters*—Dr. J. W. Twaddle's bitch Mein Gretchen, 1yr. 10mo., 16lb, first prize; some gentleman's dog Schnap, 19lb., second. *Greyhounds*—C. T. Yerkes Jr.'s ——, first prize; Charles Berger's Dash, second. *Mastiffs*—Wm. Dundas Lippincott's Glen, 2yrs., first prize; Edward Dudley's bitch June, second. *St. Bernards*—A. Kingland's Hans, first prize; John P. Halsey's Don, second. *Newfoundlands*—Mrs. R. Liverman's Nero, 27mos., 115lb., first prize; H. H. Furness' Royal Dane, 2yrs., 122lb., second. No recognition was given to J. G. Baker's Colonel, who won the Centennial prize last year. *Siberian or Ulm*—Dr. Norwitz's Sedan, first prize; Robert Clark Jr.'s Bull, second. *Black-and-tan Terriers*—Arthur Glasgow's Prince, first prize; James Broadbent's Dolly, second. *Skye Terriers*—Thos. W. Sanderson's Donald; W. K. Hewson's Pinch, second. *Scotch Terriers*—Ed. Daily's Jack, first prize; R. S. Redfield's Moss, second.

PROF. JOHN WOOD will be the recipient of the complimentary testimonial on the anniversary of the opening of his gymnasium in this city, Saturday evening, Dec. 8. The entertainment will embrace sparring, wrestling, fencing, club-swinging, dumbbell exercises, etc., and will be held at the gymnasium, No. 6 East Twenty-eighth street.

THE RING.

COBURN TO HICKEN.

The note which appeared in our past issue from Harry Hicken, in reply to a direct challenge, backed by money, has occasioned considerable talk, and elicited the expected response from the New-Yorker, who, with his backers, feel excusably "sore" over Hicken's card:

NEW YORK, Nov. 29, 1877.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir*: In last week's CLIPPER I notice a communication from Mr. Harry Hicken, in which he says that by the advice of his "backers" he does not intend noticing my challenge to spar him, as he thinks, or they think, that I am only seeking "notoriety" in issuing said challenge. Now, in consideration of the fact that you hold $25 of my money as a forfeit to bind any match that I may make, and that he was fully informed of that fact in my challenge, I am inclined to the opinion that Mr. Hicken's "backers" exist only in his imagination. As for gaining notoriety by any connection with Mr. Hicken, allow me to say that I consider him my inferior in every and all respects. In support of this opinion allow me to say that just previous to his fight with Campbell, and when he was in the most perfect condition, he gave an exhibition in Philadelphia, and I was asked to wind-up with him, which I did, and was willing to make it an even thing. Hicken, confident in his condition, endeavored to convey the impression to the audience that he was merely playing with me, whereupon I proceeded to convince him of his mistake, and "bested" him to such an extent that his backers came to me and asked me "what I was trying to do." In stating that Hicken was to fight in five days' time, at the same time begging me to desist. Now, Mr. Editor, I am open to fight any man in the world, first come, first served, for from $500 to $1,000 a side, and, as Hicken is some 20lb heavier than myself, I will not confine him to 124lb, but will fight him at any weight he chooses to name—in fact, I will fight him though he chooses to name—in earnest in which I again refer to my deposit in your hands, adding that Mr. Hicken or his "backers" will find man and money ready at any place which may be agreed upon. Very truly yours, MICHAEL COBURN.

DOONEY'S NIGHT.—The fraternity are reminded that the benefit set up for Dooney Harris, for the purpose of getting him upon his feet again, takes place at Harry Hill's on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 6, and we hope the old ring general will be cheered by a rousing big house. Dooney's course in matters connected with the twenty-foot inclosure has been straightforward, he has always been faithful to those who have placed themselves under his care, and profited by his knowledge and experience; and he therefore deserves well at the hands of the members of the Order of Fives, as well as merits the favor of the admirers of boxing generally, to whose entertainment he has so often contributed. The programme is chockful of good things, and we expect, consequently, merely mentioning the interesting fact that after the long array of volunteer professional boxers and wrestlers have got through the beneficiary and Wm. C. McClellan, the successful middle-weight champion of pugilistic skill in friendly opposition. Admission, 50 cents.

JOHN LONG AND J. M. LAFLIN have been negotiating about a glove match, but at a meeting held Dec. 1 the principals, after agreeing to the articles, could not fix the limit of each round, with one minute rest between, split on the important matter of door-money, Long desiring that it be equally divided after deducting expenses, while Laflin insisted that he should take the entire receipts. As the matter stands, Laflin has the best of the argument, Long's refusal to agree to his terms betraying a lack of confidence which he denies feeling, and a desire to make himself safe, we think.

WM. C. MCCLELLAN says that his time is so much occupied that he cannot go to Brooklyn; but if Johnny Dwyer or his unknown will call on him at No. 44 West Thirteenth street, this city, he will endeavor to be benefited for a glove match between Mac and the Brooklynite, either for a stake or for a good purse. McClellan is ready at any time, and by doing as above requested the opposite party can secure the match they seem so anxious for.

JOHNNY RIELLY, well known to the frequenters of boxing entertainments as a clever middle-weight, now gives all such exhibitions a wide berth, and says that he don't they think of him, his name looming up big on posters announcing a benefit at Athletic Hall, 102 Prince street, on Monday evening next, Dec. 10. He will have plenty of good company on the stage, and will be confronted by Pete Croker in the final bout.

BILL BERRY AND JIM PORTER, novices, settled a difference of opinion by a milling match at Herring Run, near Baltimore, Nov. 27. Jim was the biggest man, but Berry's superior skill and generalship gained him the victory, after fighting twelve rounds.

MIKE GILLESPIE is now one of the proprietors of the hotel at the northeast corner of Eleventh and Catherine streets, Philadelphia, where Tom Nicholas of hand-ball and shuffleboard notoriety formerly held forth.

THE TURF.

SUING A TURFMAN.—The well-known turfman and racehorse owner Mr. D. D. Withers of this city, who is one of the most prominent members of the American Jockey Club, and one of its Executive Committee, is being sued by his mother, Mrs. Matilda A. Withers, widow of the late Reuben Withers, in the Supreme Court, for an accounting of her deceased husband's estate, and also for the appointment of a receiver of the same. General Dan. E. Sickles is the counsel for Mrs. Withers, and, in opposing the motion of the defendant's legal representative for a postponement, stated that his client, the aged lady, at present residing in Paris, had been deprived of her income from the estate for six months. Prior to that she had received, after the death of her husband, the use of an income of $20,000 per annum. Since last April, however, she has only received about $1,200 in all, though there is still due her over $10,000. Mr. Withers, said General Sickles, was also executor of the will of his father, which he asserts are due him upon $300,000 paid to his mother during the past eleven years, and $2,200 for cash for carrying the same to probate, and $3,000 for succession tax supposed to be due the Government, which, however, has not been paid. The counsel for the defendant declared that 27,000 francs had been remitted to Mrs. Withers in Paris by a son-in-law, and also that she actually received more than she was entitled to. The further hearing of the case was postponed until the following week, and considerable interest in the turf racing circles, where the defendant is well and extensively known, as to the ultimate issue.

NEW ORLEANS RACES.—The Winter meeting of the Louisiana Jockey Club commenced on Saturday, Dec. 1. The weather was cold and clear, the track in good running order, and the attendance fair. The first event was the opening contest—a hurdle-race of two miles, for a purse of $400—beating Typhoon (second), Redding (third), Jack Hinton, Tom-tom and Ten-pins in 3m. 56s. Redding was the favorite. The winner led from start to finish. The Slocomb Stakes, one mile, for two-year-olds, $25 each, with $500 added, was won by Capt. Cottrill's Mary B., beating Lizzie Lewis (second), Mischief (third), Momentum, Capt. Fred Rice, Baton Rouge, and Jim Bell. Time, 1:47½. Capt. Cottrill has won this stake five times since it was instituted in 1872, with Watson

SCOTTISH-AMERICAN GAMES.

Postponed from Thanksgiving-day on account of the storm, the closing outdoor handicap meeting of the Scottish-American Athletic Club, held at the club grounds on West Fifty-fourth street, on Saturday, Dec. 1, was not a success, either financially or in the matter of sport. This unfortunate result was due partly to postponement, but more especially to the frostiness of Old Boreas' breath, which kept all but enthusiasts away from that portion of the inclosure assigned to spectators, and the hard, rough condition of the track, consequent upon the cold snap so closely following the spell of soft weather, which decided a number of the athletes not to respond to the call, thereby curtailing the very respectable entry-list of its fair proportions. The prize offered was a gold medal, to be awarded to the competitor scoring the greatest total number of points in all the events, the first in each counting 5, the second 2, and the third 1. Below is a return, none of the performances calling for comment here:

220yds. race—First heat: C. Stewart, 1; G. A. Ludin (10yds. start), 2; time, 54s. Second heat: J. Knox, walked over; time, 34s. Third heat: H. H. Moritz, walked over; time, 34s. Fourth heat: E. Arnold, 1; C. Fabregon, 2; time, 28⅘s. Final heat: Arnold, 1; Moritz, 2; Knox, 3; time, 27s.

One-mile walk—G. A. Ludin (2m.), 1; C. Connor (scratch), 2; T. Buckley (scratch), 3; J. L. Newberry (1m. 45s.), disq.

Running high jump—J. B. Hanna (5in.), 5ft. 1in.; John Knox (scratch), 5ft. 2in.; H. H. Moritz, 4ft. 7in.; C. Stewart, 4ft. 7in.

Putting the shot—J. B. Hanna (11lb.), 25ft. 7in.; A. W. Adams (scratch), 23ft. 9in.; M. E. More (8ft. 6in.), 23ft. 5in.

Half-mile run—E. Arnold (60yds.), 1; C. Fabregou (30yds.), 2; J. B. Hanna (scratch), 3. Time, 2m. 19½s.

Pole jumping—M. E. More (scratch), 7ft. 4in.; John Knox (5in.), 7ft.

Quarter-mile run—First heat: John Knox (30yds.), 1; C. Fabregou (scratch), 2. Time, 65sec. Second heat: E. Arnold, 1; H. H. Moritz, 2. Time, 60½sec. Final heat: Arnold, 1; Moritz, 2; Knox, 3. Time, 56½sec.

Throwing the hammer—This was the next event, but the competition was not finished, in consequence of the handle of the missile breaking while G. McNichol was at the mark, the lamp of him coming within an ace of giving the quietus to one or more of the spectators.

Three-mile walk—J. J. McLeod, 1; T. Buckley, 2; C. Connor, 3; J. L. Newberry, 4. Time, 27m. 7s.

Starters M. E. More, W. McEwen and M. M. Forrest; judges, M. F. Cahill and W. S. Cornwell; timekeeper, John F. Luther; referee, Mr. Hopkins.

FOOTBALL.—A match was played between eight Seniors and eleven Sophomores of New York College at Harlem, N. Y., Nov. 30. The old rules governed the play, and the "Sophs" proved victorious by a score of three goals to one, the Seniors obtaining the fourth. The contest was spirited and short, the first goal being obtained in three minutes, the second in eight, the third in fifteen, and the fourth in fifteen. The players were: *Sophomores*—Todd, allen, Foster, Watson, Fridenburg, Palmer (rushers), Stewart (centre), Rice (right), Calkins (left), Barton and Upton (goal). *Seniors*—Kenyon, Doring, Shumway (rushers), Lewinson (centre), Nordlinger (right), Anabacher (left), Morganthal and Cary (goal). E. T. Weed was referee.

THE HARVARD AND YALE FRESHMEN TEAMS, eleven men each, played a return football match at Boston, Mass., Dec. 1. It will be remembered that in the previous meeting at New Haven, Ct., the local players were badly whipped; but so much improvement did they exhibit on the 1st inst. that Harvard found themselves unable to do better than get a single touchdown, which, however, was more than the Blues could obtain. Both teams are deserving of great praise for the display made. Umpires—Mr. Winsor for Harvard, Mr. Bigelow for Yale. Referee, M. S. Orebore.

THE ORGANIZATION of the American Athletic Club, at present composed mainly of members of the Young Men's Christian Association of this city, was completed Nov. 30, when a constitution and by-laws were adopted. All amateurs of good character are eligible to membership, and after Jan. 1, 1878, the initiation-fee will be increased from $2 to $5. Betting and the sale of intoxicating liquors on the club ground are prohibited.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Continued from page 295.

PROF. HOUGHTON, magician, performed at Edgarton, Mass., Nov. 26, Nantucket 28.

F. WHITNEY, ventriloquist, performed under the name of Ben Allah In Virginia City, Nev., Nov. 15, and Gold Hill 20. He is to sail for Australia Dec. 5, in the steamship City of New York.

AT THE MEMPHIS (TENN.) THEATRE, Dec. 28, 29, also New-year's week and weeks commencing March 1 and 25, are open for attractions. See John Rickaby's card.

MACEVOY'S HIBERNICA gave two performances in Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 26, 27, to good houses. They are to appear in St. Louis Dec. 3, for one week.

HON. E. B. WASHBURN, late Minister to France, is to lecture in Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 4, on "The French Commune," for the benefit of the Indiana School of Art.

ARLINGTON OPERA-HOUSE, Hot Springs, Ark., recently opened, is reported to be meeting with success, and artists desiring engagements are requested to address Peter Duryea, as per advertisement.

S. L. SMITH publishes a challenge in our advertising department, offering to match his five-year-old son for competitive military drill against any other child.

POLLARD, ALFORD & CO., manufacturers and importers of theatrical, equestrian, military and regalia goods, advertise that they are offering for sale a large assortment of the many articles needful for professional outfits.

MARK LIVERMAN, billposter in Lacrosse, Wis., well known to the profession, was drowned Nov. 25.

CLARA BALDWIN of S. S. and Clara Baldwin, spiritual exposers, is dangerously ill with gastritis at her home in Ann Arbor, Mich.

ELI PERKINS is to lecture in Toulon, Ill., Dec. 3, Farmington 4, Burlington, Ia., 5, Delavan, Wis., 7, Fox Lake, 8, Oshkosh 10, Beaver Dam 11, Midland City, Mich., 13, and Tecumseh 14.

SIGNOR BOSCO, the wizard, performed in Grafton, West Va., Nov. 30, Dec. 1, 3, and is billed for Clarksburg 4, 5, 6, Parkersburg 7, 8, 10.

TOY MAGIC-LANTERNS are made a specialty of by Theo. J. Harbach, who advertises.

THE CITY OPERA-HOUSE, Stuart, Ia., will be completed Dec. 15. It will seat seven hundred, and managers desiring to rent it can address Savage & Ryan, proprietors.

THE EXHIBITION of five hundred beautiful ladies, which was announced to take place in Horticultural Hall, Boston, Mass., for the week of Dec. 3, has been indefinitely postponed owing to the supposition on the part of the Horticultural Hall Association that the show would be of an immoral nature.....A Oakey Hall delivered a lecture in Music Hall Nov. 26, before a large audience, but the revelations he was expected to make were not forthcoming, and disappointment was general thereat.....Hermann Lindo, who has given Shakespearian recitals from memory in the past week with much success, will continue with "Julius Cæsar" evenings 3, 8 and afternoon 5.....W. E. Nowlan Jr., a pupil of Regnier and Morin of the Paris Conservatory, will give a dramatic recital at Mechanics' Hall 12.....Hellen Barry, his seventy-third and closing exhibition in Horticultural Hall Dec. 1, performing before a crowded house.

"JOSH BILLINGS" is to lecture in Newark, N. J., Dec. 6.

A BABY-SHOW, under the management of Fred R. Porter, is announced in Newark, N. J., Dec. 3, 4.

THE NEW OPERA-HOUSE, Wabash, Ind., can be rented for holiday week through A. Haas, proprietor. It will seat six hundred, and is furnished with scenery, dressing-rooms, etc.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER lectures at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Dec. 3.....Mr. W. W. Story delivers a lecture on art at the Academy of Fine Arts Dec. 6.....Rev. Joseph Cook of Boston commences a course of three lectures at Association Hall Dec. 6, and Miss Marianna Gibbons lectures on "William Penn" at St. George's Hall Dec. 7.

A NATIONAL DOG-SHOW commenced at Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, Nov. 26, continuing five days. The attendance was fair, but there was much dissatisfaction shown at the manner in which the various awards were made.

A NATIONAL CAT-SHOW was commenced at the Philadelphia Museum Nov. 26, under the management of E. Mason Jr. The collection of cats was large, including many rare specimens, and attracted an excellent attendance during its first week.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, Philadelphia, still commands a fair patronge,

NO FEWER than three "Baby-shows" are announced to be held in Philadelphia within the next three weeks; two opening Dec. 10, at the Philadelphia Museum and Concert Hall, respectively, and the third one commencing Dec. 24, at Horticultural Hall.

HANS MAKART'S large historical painting "Catharine Cornaro," which was one of the features at the Centennial Exhibition last year, has been bought for the Berlin National Gallery for $12,000. It will be remembered that the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts unsuccessfully tried to collect $25,000 for the purchase of this picture.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, Philadelphia, was visited by about ten thousand persons on Thanksgiving-day (Nov. 29), a very attractive programme having been prepared. The rain, which lasted nearly all day, prevented a much larger attendance. The festivities were concluded by a grand ball. The record act of the directors in closing the Exhibition on Sundays does not find much favor.

THE REV. FRANCIS E. BOYLE of Washington lectured at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, Nov. 29, his subject being "Thanks."

"THE SIEGE OF PARIS" continues to be exhibited in Philadelphia, the other cyclorama "Paris by Night" being still stored away in that city.

JONATHAN M. ROBERTS of spiritualistic notoriety delivered an address at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, Nov. 20.

SIG. VALLO gives dramatic and musical instructions, and prepares pupils for the stage. See address in another column,

QUEEN & CO. advertise that they have ready a new pocket-list of magical goods.

CAPTAIN A. H. BOGARDUS gave an exhibition of his skill in shooting glass balls at the Alhambra Palace, Philadelphia, on the afternoon of Nov. 29.

THE PHILADELPHIA RINK continues to be well patronized by roller-skaters.

GYMNASTIC APPARATUS, magic barrels, crosses, ables, etc., can be obtained of C. H. Hawkins, who advertises.

CURRY & HALL'S gymnastic school is advertised in this issue.

A PANORAMA, suitable for exhibition in churches, is offered for sale cheap by C. A., who advertises.

A COMPLETE FILE OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER from April 1, 1876, to date, is offered for sale by J. Cameron. See card.

A FILE OF CLIPPERS for 1859–60 is wanted. See card.

A COLLECTION of birds, animals, wax figures, etc., can be obtained at Chadwick's Museum, advertised elsewhere. Living curiosities are wanted.

ALL SORTS.—"Aunt Polly Bassett's Singing-school" tried to catch the New York Buffalonians.....Henry Watterson tickles the ears of the N. Y. Thistlers at their Opera house on Nov. 27.....On the same date, in Baltimore, Md., the Rev. Dr. Marquis expatiated upon "Irish and Scottish".....Wit, Humor and Science" were the trine subjects upon which the Rev. Matthew Hale Smith discoursed on Nov. 29 in Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco.....Gen. James Shields verbally received the Mexican War at Memorial Hall, Dedham, Mass., Nov. 27, and on the 28th, at Music Hall, Boston, he placed "Jackson, Calhoun, Webster and Clay" in juxtaposition for the pecuniary benefit of the Perkins Institute for the Blind.....A. Oakey Hall's "What Shall the Verdict Be?" at Music Hall, Boston, Nov. 26, proved to be an imaginary trial of the different Presidents of the United States. The counsel was the Parliament of history, and the verdict was that George Washington, who couldn't tell a lie, and Abraham Lincoln, who could but didn't, were equally deserving of the laurel-wreath. The lecturer was silent as to the New York "ring," and thus the Bostonians were disappointed in their expectations.....Wendell Phillips, at Pike's Opera house, Cincinnati, Nov. 26, converted the bones of Daniel O'Connell into a reliable auricular feast, without "rattling" them.....Miss Hok Potter is announced to entertain the Parisians of Kentucky on Dec. 3.....Mr. and Mrs. Harold Power are to muse the Baltimorians on Dec. 6, 7, 8.....John B. Gough lectured to this city on the night of the 27th ult.....Henry Perry performed the Walnut-street House, Cincinnati, O., Nov. 26, with a broken leg, resulting from an accident which occurred while performing with Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West's Minstrels in Henderson, Ky., Nov. 24.....Murry, with his cold-water battery, will on Dec. 3 begin to salt the "strong hold" of the colored population of Paris, Ky.....The smallest baby ever known to have been alive died in this city on Nov. 24. Its weight at birth was but twenty-six ounces. Its father is a man named Connell, living in Thompson street, this city—a fact mentioned for the guidance of those who think that hermetically sealed glass jars look as well in a public museum as in some physician's studio.....Dr. Moody opened in Providence, R. I., Dec. 2.....Col. Richard Realf will revive "Old John Brown" in Cadiz, O., Dec. 7.....Prof. Tapp, the horse-tamer is giving Sunday exhibitions in San Francisco, his subject being the horse Cognac, known as the man-eater.

AMATEUR.

THE WARWICK MUSICAL of Portland, Me., are to give a minstrel performance Dec. 5.....The Forrest Dramatic Club present "Saratoga" 11.

"CINDERELLA," a play for amateurs, is advertised by Scott & Co., elsewhere.

THE FORREST DRAMATIC SOCIETY of Brooklyn, L. I., are to play "New Men and Old Acres" at their second reception this season.

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB of Cincinnati, for their second entertainment this season, gave "The Loan of a Lover" and a musical programme at Mozart Hall Nov. 27. Charles F. McLean, an excellent comedian and the manager of the club, goes to New Orleans next week to reside permanently.....The Davenport Club of the same city performed "Hamlet" 29 at Pike's Opera-house before a jammed house. James E. Sherwood's Hamlet was scholarly, and the Ophelia of Mrs. Annie Cook was a remarkably fine piece of acting.....The Clio Club of the same city presented "Among the Breakers" and "Ici l'on Parle Francais" at Thom's Hall 30 to a large audience.

THE SOLDIERS of Company A, Fifth Cavalry, assisted by John Jenkins and John Francis, professionals, gave the first of a series of minstrel entertainments Nov. 23 in Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming Territory.

AMATEURS are referred to Clarence Stanley's card.

ELMER WARNER plays Beetle in "Babes in the Wood" in Turn Hall, Boston, Mass., Dec. 5.....The "The Marble Heart" is in rehearsal by the Bay State Dramatic Club.....The Keap Dramatic Club perform "Led Astray" in Turn Hall 27.....The Independent Dramatic Association are to appear in "School" in Paine Hall 18.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

ANOTHER SERIES of modern comedies, under the direction of Charles Wyndham, is being given at the Crystal Palace, London. The list comprises "Progress," "£100,000," "Love Wins," "Blow for Blow," "American Lady," "The Contested Election," and "War to the Knife," which were to be interpreted by leading members of the profession twice weekly until Dec. 11. After that attention will be given to the pantomime, also to be presented under the sole management of Mr. Wyndham.

EDWIN H. EDELSTON and Miss Lizzie Graham, members of Miss Carlotta Loclercq's Company, were married at Preston, Eng., Nov. 12.

THOMAS GREAVES, theatrical secretary and treasurer, died Nov. 13. The deceased had for twenty-eight years been in the employ of Mr. Britlebank, lessee of the Alexandra Theatre, Sheffield, Eng. At 11.30 o'clock on the night of the 12th he got on the box of a cab with the intention of riding with the cabman. He was then in good spirits, and apparently in his usual health. The cab had just slowly moved off when the deceased fell heavily to the ground. He was picked up, and immediately conveyed to the office at the Alexandra, where restoratives were applied with considerable effect. He was then taken to his home, where he expired at half-past six next morning. He was thirty-seven years of age.

MM. GOT AND DELAUNAY, the two oldest of the associates of the Theatre Francais, have been appointed Professors of Declamation at the Paris Conservatoire, in place of M. Bressant, resigned.

A PRETTY and popular little actress, Mlle. Clotilde Colas, is about to quit the theatre. She will leave Paris, and has, indeed, announced the sale by auction of all her effects. The lady is chiefly known to fame as the sister of Stella Colas, who some years ago made a hit at a London theatre in Shakespearian roles.

THE BETTER PART of Mlle. Titiens' wardrobe, and, indeed, all that is of any practical service, has been acquired by Mlle. Maria Roze. The same lady has also purchased the whole of Mlle. Titiens' stage jewelry, consisting of several hundreds of articles which the great prima donna used to wear when playing the various parts of her repertory.

MUSICAL.

"MADAME DUGAZON," a one-act piece, in verse, by Eugene Adenis, has been presented at the Odeon Theatre, Paris. The idea that it contains is an amusing one. The famous actor Dugazon has had a quarrel with his wife just as he is about to receive a visit from an old uncle, who would be sure to erase his name from his will if he comes to hear of his matrimonial troubles. Dugazon forms a plan of presenting Madame Dugazon to the old man, and accordingly bids Florine, a servant girl, to don her mistress' clothes and replace her for a few days. On reflection, however, he thinks Madame Deprie, an actress, of the Theatre Francais, would be better, and has accordingly given the latter lady her instructions when, before he has time to apprise Florine, his uncle unexpectedly arrives, to find himself hugged and welcomed by three nieces, including the genuine one, who had not left the house. The old man is disgusted at such flagrant immorality, but they successfully repair the *contretemps* by making him believe that they were all merely rehearsing a new piece.

MISS AGNES LEONARD, who made a successful debut at the Gayety Theatre, London, Nov. 3, had on the 12th a narrow escape from death by misadventure. It appears that a sleeping draught had been prescribed for her by an eminent physician, and that in three minutes after taking it she fell back upon her bed apparently dead. Two doctors were called in, an emetic was administered, and some three hours elapsed before she was pronounced out of danger.

TOMASSI, a distinguished composer, has just died at Venice, Italy, at the age of 77.

MLLE. VON ELSNER, the aristocratic songstress, has appeared with success in "Lucia" at the Paris Italiens, under the name of Signorina Litta.

MLLE. BIANCA DONADIO, a Paris singer, has terminated a series of successful performances in Florence, Italy. She at once signed a brilliant engagement with the Apollo of Rome.

VARIETY HALLS.

THE HANLONS are still at the Walhalla Theatre, Berlin, Prussia.

LO-LO, lady gymnast, and Mons. Sylvester are doing trapeze business and ceiling-walking in the British provinces.

THE AUSTIN AND HESS TROUPE are skating on rollers in the provincial towns of England.

G. H. MACDERMOTT has been obliged by indisposition to relinquish pro tem. his engagement and leave London.

G. B. HARCOURT and Miss Kate O'Connor are at the Alhambra Palace, Sheffield, Eng.

PAUL MARTINETTI'S American Pantomime Company will close their engagement at the Folies-Berges Theatre, Paris, Dec. 17.

THE PHOITES closed at the Oxford and the Britannia Theatre, London, Nov. 24, and after resting a fortnight were to open at the Gaiety Theatre, Glasgow, Scotland, Dec. 10, for six weeks; Prince's Theatre, Manchester, Eng., to follow.

THE MAJILTONS, who have been performing on the Continent, will open at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, Eng., Dec. 10.

CIRCUSES.

"SHAKSPEARIAN IMPERSONATIONS" on a bare-backed horse, in which J. C. Pinder changes costumes rapidly, is a feature of the performances at Pinder's Circus, Bradford, Eng. Another novelty is "The Madame Angot Quadrilles," on horseback, by eight ladies and gentlemen, attired in the costumes of the opera.

THE WAR ARABS are the special attraction at Ginnett's Hippodrome and Olympia, Brighton, Eng., where W. F. Wallett represents Dick Turpin in the spectacle of that name.

"CINDERELLA" was at last advices being performed at both Cooke's and Weldon's Circuses, Edinburgh, Scotland. Ethardo and his boys are at Cooke's.

NEWSOME'S NEW CIRCUS, at Glasgow, Scotland, was opened Nov. 12.

HENGLER'S CIRQUE closed a successful season at Hull, Eng., Nov. 15, "Turpin's Ride to York" being given during the week, etc.

BATTY'S CIRCUS opened for the Winter at Hanley, Eng., Nov. 12.

"THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS," a new spectacle, has been given at Hengler's Cirque, Liverpool, Eng. A host of juveniles appeared in Highland marches, games, dances, etc.

ADAMS' CIRCUS is permanently located at York, Eng.

CHAS. HENGLER'S CIRQUE was announced to commence the Winter season in London Dec. 1.

BLONDIN, who has gone from the Crystal Palace, London, to the Palais de L'Industrie, Champs Elysees, Paris, announces his intention to visit the British provinces next Summer with a colossal hippodrome.

MESSRS. SANGER & SON opened at Leamington, Eng., Nov. 12. The African Blondin is with the concern.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE NEW YORK
CLIPPER ALMANAC
FOR 1878.

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NOTICE
TO THE PROFESSION AT LARGE.
Several erroneous notices having appeared in the late numbers of THE CLIPPER and other papers in regard to the management of the
NEW CENTRAL THEATRE, BALTIMORE,
I feel it requisite to state that these misunderstandings have occurred from the fact that
MR. EUGENE KERNAN
of the KERNAN BROS. has withdrawn from the firm
Holding a municipal position, he found it impossible to give attention to the management. I am and will remain sole lessee and proprietor.
JOHN E. KERNAN
New Central Theatre, Baltimore, Md.
CHAS. HOWARD,
Business and Stage Manager. 37-1t

TO THE PROFESSION.—FRANK C. GAYLOR JR. left us in Cincinnati, O., and had it not been for Mr. Nat Hyams we would have had to walk out of town. Mr. Hyams kindly tendered us the use of his (Wood's) theatre, paying all expenses and giving us all and that man could give to assist us to our homes. He deserves the best wishes of the profession for his generosity.
Fanny Mathias, Marian Deming, Agatha Singleton, Ethel Dayton, L. P. Hicks, C. S. Elson, W. E. S. Kerroly, C. N. Richardson.
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NOTICE
TO THE PROFESSION.
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NEW GAYETY THEATRE, CINCINNATI, O.
Artists write for dates. [37-1t] NAT HYAMS, Manager.

STILL TRIUMPHANT.
MME. NINON DUCLOS'
FAMOUS AND ORIGINAL TROUPE OF
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It is putting it mildly to say that the National Theatre was crowded last night. It was more than crowded—it was rammed and jammed full to suffocation—parquet, balcony, gallery and lobbies. A great mob besieged the front entrance after there was not room inside to hang up a mustard-seed, and men were packed so tightly they could not move. All degrees of society were represented in the audience. There were young men of the first families; solid old merchants and business men; dignitaries high in office; well-known gentlemen whose wives probably did not know they were out; and from them all the way down to bootblacks and wharf-rats and roustabouts.—CINCINNATI COMMERCIAL.
Owing to the great success, the company will remain at the National Theatre until their OPENING IN FITTSBURG DEC. 18.
Would like to hear from CARRIE BOSHELL, LILLIAN FORREST, EMMA BRETTO, LIZZIE BYRON and LOU HOWARD. 37-1t

THE FOLLOWING LETTER
TO THE PRESS OF THIS COUNTRY,
AND A COPY OF ONE MAILED TO E. E. RICE, MANAGER OF THE "EVANGELINE" COMBINATION,
ARE RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED.
ELIZA WEATHERSBY,
N. C. GOODWIN JR.
TO THE PRESS.
The newspaper press of America has always exercised such uniform kindness towards me that I think the time has come when it behooves me to say something direct to so many kind friends.
I am, I hope, above resenting criticism; I only object to personalities about my private character since my trouble with Mr. Rice, in which I naturally took the part of my husband, as I conceived and still believe him to be right. Mr. Rice has used whatever influence he had with the press to malign me; and to account for our disappearance he has done little else but visit newspaper offices, where he has besmeared the critics not alone to praise the members of his present company, which is proper, but he has gone still further, and requested them to abuse us; and, when made, this request was generally complied with. Though we were not with the company, we had the pleasure of reading that we were worthless and had lost our attraction, etc.
Beyond this, Mr. Rice has made the most infamous statements as to my private character, which no journalist, however, was unmanly enough to print.
Is this fair? Is this just? Now that my husband and myself have left, can we not be let alone? Must we be injured professionally and socially because we have chosen to leave Mr. Rice's company? And is Mr. Rice to be permitted to wield the power of the press against us in this way? All I ask is that the critics will turn a deaf ear, so far as Mr. Rice's defamation of us is concerned. We are no longer in the question. We have not attacked the private and public reputation of Mr. Rice, and we simply ask the kindness of being let alone, so far as the "Evangeline" Combination is concerned.
ELIZA WEATHERSBY.
TO EDWARD E. RICE, MANAGER OF THE "EVANGELINE" COMPANY.
DEC. 3, 1877.
MR. RICE—SIR: I have written a letter to Mr. Singleton, which you may possibly read, and of which you will take particular notice. I intend no longer to endure his false, hackbiting advertisements. You also had better take warning, for what I say to him in some respects applies to yourself.
The report published in the Chicago paper, where you speak of my "non-attractiveness" and my husband's "incapability as an actor," did not come to me until you had left this city, or I should certainly have insisted on an interview for an explanation.
You must be very double-faced to ask me, as you did in St. Louis, for your great success of last Summer, Dumas' celebrated French Romance
THE THREE GUARDSMEN.
Presented with that completeness of detail for which this management has become famous. New scenery, costumes, properties, effects and a powerful cast. MATINEES WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS, AT 2 P. M. 37-1t

GREAT LONDON CIRCUS,
GILMORE'S GARDEN.
MONDAY, DEC. 10, 1877,
COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT TO THE
EQUESTRIAN BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION
OF THE UNITED STATES. AFTERNOON ONLY.
A GRAND AND IMPRESSIVE ENT

L'INSTANT SUPREME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Earth holds no sweetness sweeter
Than Love's first, foolish kiss,
Though Time may not be fleeter
When Time but lives for Bliss;
Had life no other pleasure,
And Hope no brighter treasure,
And Joy no fuller measure,
There were enough in this.

One precious pearl of fire
Love gives to pay pain's debt.
What more can we desire,
Who love but to forget?
But, when no longer shining,
The day for us declining,
Most night without repining,
And death without regret!

For soft cheeks wet with weeping,
For bright eyes dim with tears,
There comes a peaceful sleeping
In never-ending years.
There comes a rest from sorrow
In night that knows no morrow,
When Life shall cease to borrow
From Love its hopes and fears.

But perfect bliss and rapture
Can light but once Love's eyes;
The bird we may not capture
Sings once its song and flies.
One day to us is given
To taste the sweets of Heaven;
The light must end at even,
At dusk the daylight flies.

Love, then, ere Love grows weaker,
Kiss while red lips are thine,
Take up the crystal beaker,
And quaff the ruby wine.
Joy flies when most we trust her,
Dream not that Love is juster;
The hand that plucks the cluster
Oft kills the fruitful vine.

Q. S. G.

LA BELLE AMERICAINE.

A CALIFORNIAN STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER BY RICHMOND THATCHER, THE AUSTRALIAN AGENT.

CHAPTER I.—THE STAR.

Some years ago the walls in San Francisco were plastered with announcements that "La Belle Americaine" was engaged at the Republican Theatre, and would "shortly appear." From every dead-wall and boarding the fact stared out, printed in all sizes and sorts of type. Portraits of what was intended to represent a handsome and fascinating young lady ornamented each bar-window. Long slips, large posters of many sheets, printed in all colors of the rainbow, and small handbills conveyed the intelligence that La Belle Americaine was engaged and would make her debut shortly. If you opened a paper, a small sheet reminded you of her anticipated appearance—a fact you could scarcely be unaware of if you could read at all, for a whole column was devoted to its reiteration, and a great portion of the news-item column was further occupied in eulogizing La Belle Americaine. Boys thrust small folded slips into the hands of passers-by or passengers by the cars, which, when opened with the expectation that some very interesting intelligence would result, conveyed the news of the new actress' engagement at the Republican Theatre. Short, startling queries in posters, slips, and advertisements, as to "Do you want to be saved?" were answered: "If so, go and see La Belle Americaine." The Americans are an advertising people, and the *entrepreneur* who had secured the fair artist was evidently determined to leave no stone unturned to make the fact of his having speculated known. The name of La Belle Americaine was not unknown in "'Frisco." News had come from New York months before that a young actress had electrified the playgoers of that city. Stray paragraphs had found their way into Pacific papers, conveying the intelligence that a Miss Fanny Marshall had made a name—that she had risen as a great star in the theatrical firmament, and was shining without fear of being eclipsed—her light was not destined to wane—a new drama, "La Belle Americaine," had been written for her by a popular dramatist; and she created a furor. People who take an overwhelming interest in theatrical matters raved about "The Marshall," who was henceforth to be known by the name of the play which had made her famous. The critics, for a wonder, were unanimous—that is, the great critics. One declared she was "immense;" another that she was without her equal as a tragedienne, and the dailies and the weeklies followed suit. The magazines had articles on her beauty, her grace, her fire, her elocution, and her knowledge of stage business. Ties, hats, bonnets, scarfs—even bowie-knives and revolvers—were named after her. The avenues swore by her; she even interfered with gigantic financial operations in Wall street. There were the most extravagant rumors about her, her antecedents, her salary, her mode of life, and her beauty. She was the daughter of a millionaire, and of a bar-loafer; she got a hundred dollars a night, and was playing for ten dollars a week on trial; she was a model of chastity, and a very Aspasia.

Rumor with its thousand tongues was busy with her name, as it ever is with that of any woman or man who once steps into the glare of the footlights. Old fogies winked fearfully, and gave suggestive nods of their empty heads when her name was mentioned, as if they could tell something if they chose. Women hated her—men wished they knew her. She was famous, and Fame on her, as on everybody whom she favors, imposed certain conditions. However, the swells, the snobs, the *petits maitres*, saw little of her. Each afternoon she drove in a modest carriage along the fashionable drive. When the curtain rose at the Republican, she was there, or as soon as her part required her presence; and the curtain as it descended on her, dying, dead, or triumphant, fell on her effectually, so far as her connection with the outer world was concerned. She gave no *petit souper*, broke no hearts, favored no suitors, nor would see any. Chawson of the New York Theatre, writing to Crouch, who had engaged "La Belle" for 'Frisco, said:

"You will find her a terrific draw. For once the opinion of the Press, which, as you know, is wrong nine times out of ten, is correct; she is a "big thing on the ice." She is the best woman I ever had anything to do with. She leaves all business to her agent, and in the theatre she is as quiet as a lamb—a pleasant change from all the star-women I ever had any dealings with, who kick up eternal rows from the time they are in the bills till they leave. La Belle Americaine you never see or hear, except when she is about her business. There is only one thing that she cuts up rough about. Don't have any swell loafers behind, anywhere near her rooms—they act on her like the sight of a red rag on a savage bull. I don't know anything about her, only she came from or what she had been doing before she came to me for an engagement and told me she was a good actress. She has a thorough knowledge of stage business—a marvelous one. She points out anything amiss in the "supes" to go in a second; she can cast a piece by reading it once; and, though she is a perfect lady, she must have been brought up to the "biz." She has no friends, so far as I know, and is very reserved, but pleasant and affable when she has to speak to anyone. Though she is leaving, she would run for another season; but she seems to want to have a look at 'Frisco.

That was about the extent of Mr. Chawson's knowledge of La Belle Americaine—our readers may know more. Fanny Hesler, or Marshall, or La Belle Americaine, was the daughter of a man named Hesler, by a woman with whom he cohabited. Hesler was a drunken, dissolute fellow, who looked after the "Monte" singing-and-dancing saloon, Flag street, New York. As soon as Fanny was old enough to be beaten and run errands she was at the beck and call of every employe in the Monte. She certainly began at the very bottom rung of the ladder of Thespian fame. She fetched the beer and ran messages for the members of the disreputable company, and was kicked and knocked about by them all. She was reared in vice, and every evening was witness of scenes only to be seen behind the curtains of a low singing-and-dancing house in the wickedest city in the world. When old enough to appear in very juvenile parts, she was sent on as a grubby, dirty fairy in the burlesques or extravaganzas and pantomimes. This was her work by night. By day she fetched the spirits to sodden her parents, or inflame them till they often fought and quarreled like the demons they often represented at night, and she came in for her share of the blows and curses which her amiable progenitors bestowed on each other. The Monte was a very low place—unenviably notorious even amongst places of the kind in the city. Fights, gouging matches, and even murders, were of common occurrence at the Monte, both before and behind the dingy, tawdry act-drop. This was a nice school for a young girl born and reared in sin. It should properly have rendered the child as vicious, as depraved, as the people she associated with. She should by rights have turned out a thief, a depraved, abandoned fiend, like the rest of the scholars who got their experience in the Monte. But the wickedness and wretched debauchery around her only kept her heart pure, and taught her to loathe sin and the companions she was forced to associate with. She scorned them and their mode of life; they could beat and revile her, but they could not bring her to their level. She could, and did, make the most hardened writhe by her scathing sarcasm, her loathing of them and their villainy. She cared not for their blows, and never lost an opportunity to show how she despised them. She loved the business of the Monte—the acting, singing and dancing. Low and unartistic as it was, not a movement escaped her notice. She could prompt a piece as well as the man employed for the purpose. At a noble sentiment—for even at the Monte noble sentiments were mouthed and ranted at times—her little bosom would heave, and she would clench her hands, while her eyes sparkled and her breath came quick and hot. Oh! if she could only be an actress!—not one like the cheap things that appeared at the Monte, but like those of whom she heard, who could draw tears and move the heart. She dreamt of it; she treasured up every good or noble line she heard, and would repeat it as she thought it ought to be spoken. At times she saved up stray dimes and got into the cheapest part of the larger theatres, and gloated over the acting she saw there. She looked down at the well-set scenes, onto the true exponents of the drama, as a fallen angel might look towards paradise; and then she would go back to the Monte, to loathe more than ever the life there. She learned to read, slowly and with difficulty, and would spell over such books as were fit for perusal that she found about the place; and they were few, you may be sure. But even in the most depraved of the worshipers of Momus a taste for the higher teachers of the art is found, and at times she was able to spell out the grand thoughts and expressions of the glorious old dramatists.

In fullness of time her father succumbed to the ravages of disease, brought on by drink and debauchery. Her mother, a danseuse, went off with one of the members of the company, and she was alone in the world. The proprietor of the saloon kept her on; she was too useful to be turned into the streets. She was allowed to feed on the refuse of the bar-keeper's table, and sleep about on the stage, or wherever she could huddle up in her rags her pinched and starved body and her wearied limbs.

An unexpected end came to this life. One night George Marshall, a young stock-broker in good circumstances, together with a party of friends, after a hilarious dinner at the Astor House, determined to see the lowest phases of life in New York. Accompanied by a detective as guide, they visited a number of the dens of infamy for which the city is famous—or infamous. In their tour of inspection they came across the Monte; they could find no worse class of house to satisfy their curiosity and prove the truth of the many books written about low life in New York. The party, well primed with generous wine, were admitted readily behind the scenes, and gratified their curiosity to the utmost. Fanny Hesler attracted their attention, and especially interested George Marshall. She was then ten years of age—a weird, dark, haggard little girl, with large, wondering eyes, and a shock head of dark brown hair. She repulsed their advances and offers to exchange chaff; and gave them back scorn and contempt for *badinage*. The pieces of silver they had forced upon her she threw back at them, and even spat towards them in her childish wrath.

When George Marshall came to himself the next morning after the "spree," the first thing that recurred to his memory was the face of that young girl amongst her low and degraded companions. It haunted him for days, and so impressed him that he found out the Monte—saw Fanny, who, after a while, accepted his kind advances, and even condescended to talk shyly yet defiantly to him. He made an arrangement with the proprietor of the saloon, paying him a sum that amply compensated him for the loss of his protegee, and took Fanny to his home. There she entered upon a new life.

CHAPTER II.—A NEW HOME.

George Marshall was a bachelor; not a very rich one, but possessed of ample means and a good partnership in a thriving business. He put Fanny to a good school, where he saw her daily. All his care was to provide for the young girl, to have her educated, and get eradicated such bad seeds as must have been sown in the den from which he released her. Fanny proved an apt scholar—she mastered the details of the general rudiments of learning with a rapidity quite startling, and quickly became an accomplished young lady, as if to the manner born, instead of being the child of brutish and low parents. She learnt foreign languages, music, painting, and the thousand-and-one arts and graces that go to make up the great whole of a fashionable young lady's education. But it was to reading literature that she devoted herself principally; all other learning was but an accessory to her purpose, and that purpose was the same that had influenced her in the Monte—she would be an actress. She never told George Marshall of her resolve—they never referred to her past life. She read and studied Shakespeare and his contemporary dramatists; studied them, and dived down into their depths for their meaning—placed herself in the position of the heroines—surrounded herself as it were with their surroundings—lived their lives—thought their thoughts, and acted their parts. To her acting was not merely the repetition of so many words set down by an author—it was a merging oneself into another being's identity—losing sight of the immediate surroundings and entering into the ideal character's position—becoming swayed by the motives that swayed the ideal being—doing what the author made his creation do—not pretending to do it, but doing it.

To one person alone she divulged her wish to learn to act, or rather not to act, but to be real. The elocution-master of the school was a retired actor—a man who had made a name as a studied exponent of melodrama. She did not tell him that she wished to go on the stage, or he would not have aided her—she never talked of triumphing before a sea of upturned faces; of calls between the acts, and showers of bouquets such as she had seen in theatres since she had been in George Marshall's care—but she talked to him of the heroines of the drama and his art. He loved his art, and was glad to get someone to share his enthusiasm. He was an old elderly Claude Melnotte to her Pauline, Valentine to her Sylvia, Romeo to her Juliet. He was surprised at her knowledge of business—her *verre* and her vivacity; he had no need to tell her how to use her hands, but he fancied it came natural to her. He often visited at Mr. Marshall's house as a friend and to perfect her in elocution, and many a scene from the great masters of histrionics they enacted. They taught religion at Fanny's school—airy polemics, and the duties of man and womankind—but Fanny made little headway in theology. George Marshall was not a religious man, though a fair-dealing and upright one, and was content to see Fanny grow up ladylike, self-possessed and beautiful. He loved the young girl, though he was her senior by fifteen years, and he indulged in fond hopes that when she had been thoroughly well educated, and had ruled his house for a year or two, he would ask her to be his wife. He pictured her presiding at his table, managing his household, respecting, and in time loving him. He never thought of her loving anyone else—he had no fears on that score. At her school, whilst other girls of her age were languishing for the society and companionship of the sterner sex, Fanny regarded mankind with an indifference that pleased and delighted him. Life at the Monte had made her almost a man-hater. She would entertain and talk to the few gentlemen she met at her benefactor's house, but beyond being courteous she paid no attention. With the exception of George Marshall and her elocution-master, she looked upon men as oppressors of women. This was the result of her Monte training. There men had made the beauty, the obedience, the submission, and even the vices of women tools with which to work their own selfish ends. The women had been bad enough, but the men were the chief sinners. Love never entered her heart. She would have married George Marshall, doubtless, but out of gratitude—not from the dictates of any passion reigning in her heart.

When Fanny was eighteen years of age she was taken from school, and entered upon her duties as housekeeper of George Marshall's establishment. It was not a large one, but the revenue served well for the comfort and dignity of its master. That master was now thirty-three years of age—a steady, sedate, almost melancholy man—punctual in his habits and decorous in his mode of life. He pondered over the question whether he would ask the young girl whom he had saved from a fate too horrible to contemplate to be his wife now, or wait till she knew more of him; and, after debating the subject fairly with himself, he concluded that it would be more satisfactory, fairer, and more calculated to secure her happiness and his, to wait for two years. He generously, and like a high-souled gentleman as he was, determined to let her see the world—to give her the opportunity to place her affections on someone else, if fate so willed it. But, though he spoke no word, Fanny knew he loved her. Such knowledge comes intuitively to all women, and, had she been impressionable, she would have guarded her heart against all attacks. She set herself to the task of loving her future husband, as she regarded her benefactor. It would have been an easy task but for her resolve to win fame as an actress. But how she was to fulfill her bounden duty, and yet win her soul's ambition, gave her considerable uneasiness.

So eighteen months passed away since she had left school, and the time approached when George Marshall was to ask for her hand, and she was to decide whether she was to relinquish her deeply-seated resolution, and be to him a dutiful, submissive, and honored if not loving wife. Death solved the question. George Marshall, always a healthy, even powerful and robust man, came home one day looking careworn and haggard. He never returned to his office; the hand of death was upon him. One of those fevers which seem to attack the strong and brave selected him as its victim, and he was doomed. The most eminent skill availed nothing, and without needing to be told to prepare for the worst he set his house in order and sent for his lawyer. He made his will. His share in his business was worth little more than his talents and energy brought to it—that he resigned to his partner. His house and landed property he left, with the exception of a few legacies to faithful servants, to Fanny Hesler, requesting her to take the name of Marshall. Then he summoned the weeping, grief-stricken girl to his bedside, and told her of his hopes and anticipations. No more moving tale of ardent love and disappointed hopes was ever poured out than that strong man in his dying agony told the girl he had saved, to whom he had been more than a brother or a lover, as he lay on that bed of sickness from which he was never to rise. Fanny then, in her despair, in her unutterable abandonment to grief, would have thrown all her ambition to the winds to have kept George Marshall from his grave. She was sincere in her sorrow; he was and had been the only being to whom she was really attached. When he was gone she would be alone in the world, and a wild sense of utter forlornness took possession of her. She felt that she would love the dying man if he were spared to her; there was not a selfish thought in her sorrow, no calculation or speculation as to her position in the world in future. She sat by him and tended him to the last, receiving his assurances of love, and returning him protestations that she had given him her heart, which delighted and embittered alternately the stricken man. George Marshall was sensible to the last moment—he died in the midst of a prayer for her he loved so well—her hand was in his; the grasp tightened for a moment and relaxed, as with a convulsive movement he rose slightly on his couch, gave one sigh, a look towards Fanny, and was a corpse.

CHAPTER III.—ON THE BOARDS AGAIN.

For some time after his death Fanny Hesler, now Marshall, was unconscious to all passing around her. She knew she had not loved George Marshall as she felt love should be. She never would have done so, probably, and the thought sharpened her anguish and made her regret more keen. It seemed an injustice to the dead man's memory. She had robbed him, as it were, of a passion, and had returned none. He gave love, and she had returned gratitude and obedience—a poor exchange, she knew.

The funeral took place, and the lawyer saw to the legacy, and when the bereaved girl was able to attend to what he had to tell her, she found herself independent; not rich, but with an income sufficient to relieve her from any trouble or anxiety as to her future so far as her few requirements were concerned.

Six months after George Marshall's death, Mr. Chawson of the Columbian Theatre was waited upon at his private residence by a lady, closely veiled, who, in answer to his inquiries as to what he could do for her, said shortly:

"Mr. Chawson, I want to make a debut at your theatre."

Such requests were not unknown, nor even unusual, to Mr. Chawson, who was often besieged by people, men and women, anxious to jump into the theatrical world as "stars," with one bound.

"Madam," he said, "I regret that I have no vacancy in my theatre" (Mr. Chawson called it theayter); "I'm sorry."

"Hold," she said, interrupting; him "I am not one of those ladies who fancy they can electrify an audience without mastering even the A B C of theatrical business. I know the drudgery required from even the poorest servant of Thespis. I faced the footlights as soon as I could stand, and have had many years of preparation, many anxious hours of study and labor, to fit me for the stage and the position I aim at. Here," she went on, "select a passage from this play," taking up a drama from the side-table—"any you like, or I will," she added—"listen;" and she took a long, impassioned speech from a sensational play of the day, and gave it without a mistake, with fire and passion that rose and fell as occasion demanded—now swelling into fury, again soft and subdued.

Chawson knew what light and shade was, and could appreciate good acting; still he never decided for himself. He kept a man to think for him. His opinion of anything new, if asked, was: "Wants ripping." His expenses at the theatre were two thousand dollars a week, and any mistakes, such as an unsuccessful debut, would entail a serious loss on him; so he arranged a meeting for the following day between the new aspirant and his managing man, Mr. Spofford. The interview took place. Mr. Spofford gave Fanny a thorough trial; tried her in tragedy and comedy; demanded and got from her pathos and feeling, tenderness, violence, sweetness, mockery, scorn, disdain, laughter and tears. Her acquaintance with dramatic authors was extensive; he tried it to the uttermost. He saw at a glance that she was fitted to tread the boards; that she was graceful, self-possessed, confident; but he wished to learn if she had caught the celestial fire—if she knew how to *act*—how to move an audience—to have it at her command and make it her own, and he satisfied himself that she did. His reply to Chawson's inquiry as to whether Fanny would do was brief, but satisfactory.

"She will make a stack of dollars for you, old man," was the answer. "We must bring her out in style." And they did, with the result we have seen.

Fanny never raised any trouble—she "cut up rough," as Mr. Chawson called it, but once.

Shortly after her fame was established, she was making her way to her dressing-room, when, in one of the passages, she came across some of those male butterflies whom wealth and lavish prodigality give an *entree* behind the scenes of the best of American theatres; whose only object is to toy with and captivate such as are led away by their fascination and liberality. Sending for Mr. Chawson, who was soon in attendance, she said:

"I am of use to you, Mr. Chawson?"

That enterprising man acknowledged the fact by a bow.

"Then," she continued, "send away those fellows; never let me see them in this place during my engagement. Let that door," pointing to the stage entrance, "be a barrier to which no money will be an 'open sesame.' Let the curtain divide me and those girls from such men, whose presence degrades us."

And she swept up towards her room, her eyes flashing and her hands clenched. Her wishes were obeyed, for she was mistress of the situation. No langulishing glances from private boxes, no advances made by means of artfully-contrived missives concealed within gorgeous bouquets or twisted round diamond rings, had any effect upon her. She received the usual thousand-and-one invitations to mix with the gay and thoughtless, to live the life of some woman who make the stage a profession; but she repelled the advances, quietly yet firmly, and in such a manner as to leave no mistake as to her meaning. She was punctual at such rehearsals as her presence was required at, and she required punctuality from the company. But she rehearsed only—the piece being sufficiently well known or gone through, she left in her modest chariot. She came punctually to the theatre at night, and left as regularly for her quiet lodgings. Not a dozen persons in the city knew she was the protegee of George Marshall, deceased, and those who did know it were not likely to communicate the fact to others. Mr. Chawson did not seek to pry into her private affairs or antecedents. He knew that he was making thousands of dollars out of her; that she filled his theatre to overflowing night after night. He was a practical man, with a vast amount of shrewd, matter-of-fact philosophy—a sort of breeches-pocket Seneca.

"Who is she?" he would say. "I don't know, and I don't care. She fills the treasury, and makes the ghost walk. She's the cleverest woman that ever showed in New York, and that's enough for me, sir'ee."

After the time was up for which she had engaged with Mr. Chawson, she expressed her intention to travel, and that disconsolate lessee dictated, much against his will, terms of agreement with Crouch of the Republican Theatre, San Francisco, which were accepted; and Fanny left for the gold coast, bidding farewell for a time to the rough but kind-hearted Chawson, with many mutual expressions of sorrow and regret at parting.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE STAGE-DOOR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The night-air is nipping and eager,
The lights in the theatre are out;
In raiment unseasonably meagre
The street Arabs gather about.
And stare, with their hands in their pockets,
In wonder sincere and complete,
While forth from the stage-door, battered,
The actors pass into the street.

Bereft of their tinsel and glory,
How much like their fellows they are!
Bedimmed is the light transitory
Which shed its rays over the star.
And he, who but now was a monarch
Cheap lodgings they are, and quaint,
Now wraps himself up in his ulster
And hurries t'wards Boarding-house Row.

The villain who yearned but to wade in
The red fluid sacred to Mars—
Who hounded the innocent maiden,
And horribly dwelt on his "a's—
There he goes, without the fierce whiskers
Or the raven-black locks which he wore;
He looks like the meekest of parsons
As he makes his way out through the door.

And there, by the bye, is the maiden,
Who thrilled us to-night in the play;
No longer with diamonds laden,
She daintily trips away
From the door of the stage to her lodgings—
They are, and quaint,
For she leaves her riches behind her
Along with her powder and paint.

And there's the comedian jolly—
You laughed at his antics, no doubt.
Would you know him, that grim, melancholy
Old chap, who is just coming out?
On the stage he bubbles with humor,
And sets the whole house in a roar,
But his life has its tragic shading
When he steps from the open stage-door.

And so, on this mersenelife's drama,
With its changeful and numberless cast,
With its varying shadow and glamour,
The curtain will fall at last;
And the jaded, the browbeat, the tinsel
Shall suffer and laugh no more,
For the mask shall be lifted forever
When we step out of life's stage-door!

THE CROSS OF ST. ARNE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY HELEN LUQUEER.

We had often seen the picture among the treasures of our French governess, Madame Villoy, and she had as often promised to tell us the story of it; and, though years have passed since then, I can recall the picture and all its details.

It was of a young girl clad in white, a dark mantle clinging to her lovely form, fastened only by a heavy cord and tassels, loosened and trailing off like a cloud on a sunny sky, revealing the bare and polished shoulders and round arms, which were clinging to a huge cross of rough stone, set in a dark niche or ovatory. It was lighted only by a high mullioned window, through which a single sunbeam had stolen to rest upon the dark tresses of the fair young penitent. The abject misery expressed in the pallid, upturned face, the long, heavy, drooping lashes, telling eyes, large, dark and lustrous, but despairing—all served to fix the attention, and excite curiosity, especially as Madame Villoy had declared it to be a true personage, and no fancy sketch, whose sorrows were real.

I give the story of "The Cross of St. Arne" in madam's own words.

Not many leagues from the quaint old town of Arles, years ago, stood the little stone cottage of Madame Jean De Bourn. It was a perfect bower of honeysuckles and roses, overlooked by the ancient chateau of St. Arne, perched upon a lordly eminence, and king of the lovely little valley it viewed from its heavy stone battlements, round turret windows and overhanging balconies, all enwreathed, and surrounded by proud old trees. The chateau of St. Arne had written its name upon the centuries long past, and in its decay was involved that of its founders and all their descendants. And at last it had fallen into the hands of a wealthy Monsieur Beaudant, a proud, stately, haughty man, and no longer young, though affianced to the lovely young girl of the cross, Lucie La Bronna, whom, when she was but a child, he had rescued from the dirty streets of Arles, where she was accustomed to sell flowers for a support.

Monsieur Beaudant was young then, and an artist of no mean talents. He had been struck by the wonderful beauty of the pallid Lucie as she gayly swung her baskets of pretty nosegays, tripping lightly and coyly on before him. No wonder that he conceived the idea of painting her as Titania, or that he induced her humble family to let her return with him for a visit to St. Arne. The lovely child was so delighted with the grand old place, where she was petted and feasted from morning until night, and where she was permitted to rove over the stately turrets and linger beside the murmuring fountains at will, that she declared in the innocence of her heart that she would never go back to the little brown-roofed cottage in the miserable streets of Arles. Thrown thus together, we could wonder that a great friendship sprang up between the young, lonely, almost kinless bachelor Monsieur Beaudant and the little peasant-girl, or that it resulted in his adopting her?

And at last there came happy days when she used to sit at his feet and con her lessons, while he put his dreams on canvas. But as she grew older and self-willed, poor Monsieur Beaudant realized that he was sadly spoiling his little ward; so she was sent away to the Convent of St. Martin, to be educated and kept there most of the time until she had reached her twelfth year. Then, as it was deemed no longer proper that she should live at the castle with monsieur, she was established in the pretty little stone cottage at the foot of the hill, in charge of Madame Jean De Bourn, the grandaunt of monsieur.

But, notwithstanding that the home of Lucie was no longer the ancient chateau, she wandered there at will, sat for hours with monsieur, idling over some romance or receiving instruction in painting. One day the glinting of the sun-rays upon the tree-tops warned monsieur that it was time for Lucie to return home.

"You must put aside the lesson for to-day," said he. "It grows late. Dame Jean will frown if I keep you longer," and he took the pencil from her hand and removed the easel.

Lucie frowned and pouted out her pretty lips as she took up her petite, blue-ribboned straw hat.

"Child, I regret, with you, that life is not all day. But then there would be no to-morrow, and you know, then, you can come again, if you wish. I am sure Madame Jean will not object."

"Indeed she will, though little good it does her," returned Lucie. "She never ceases preaching propriety."

"And you must listen to her, *mignon*. Truly, she knows best."

"Ah! that may be, monsieur; but it is tiresome, and the cottage is so lonely with nobody but Madame Jean, Lissett and the cat."

"Are you really unhappy there, child? I did not think it. Where shall I place you? Will you go back to the convent?"

"*Mon Dieu!*" she returned, shrugging her pretty shoulders. "No; that were worsethan Madame De Bourn's chatter; and if I can't come to the chateau and live with you as I used, I must stay at the cottage, I suppose."

"Lucie," said monsieur very softly, taking her hand in his, "I only think of your happiness. You can live with me at the chateau upon one condition only."

"Name it, dear monsieur," she answered eagerly, opening wide her lovely brown eyes in innocent conjecture.

"It is useless," he sighed, dropping her hands and turning away to arrange the disordered papers on the table.

"Why useless?" questioned Lucie, placing her hand upon his arm to arrest his attention, which he again closed within both his own.

"I will tell you, *mon ami*. Your innocence will not permit you to see that you could live here only as my wife, and you do not care enough for me to so sacrifice yourself."

Lucie blushed scarlet and her bosom swelled beneath the silken bodice, while her eyes dropped before monsieur's ardent gaze.

"You see," he continued, "Lucie, that Madame De Bourn is right. You are no longer the child you were when you used to live with me, and, though I love and cherish you none the less, yet we must live apart."

"Monsieur," whispered Lucie, "let me come. Indeed, I do care for you."

"Reflect. I am over twice your age, and the world is new to you. It may contain attractions all undreamed of in your ignorance of it."

"You will keep me safe at the chateau, monsieur. I shall not know of them. And do you reflect I am lowly born and poor? Only as you have made me am I rich, am humble except as you have raised me, ignorant but as you have taught me. I am nothing without you. You have made me all I am. If I please you, receive me; and, with simplicity and abandon as innocent as it was charming, she extended to him her other hand.

"Bless you, *mon ami*. I accept the gift," said he, covering them with kisses. Then, taking a costly chain of gold from his neck, he threw it lightly over her drooping head, and wound it around her snowy throat, saying: "Thus do I fetter you, Lucie, love. Remember, you exchange Madame De Bourn's bondage for mine. Come, we will go down to her now and receive her congratulations."

The good woman had been shrewd enough to guess how affairs between monsieur and Lucie would terminate, and, with malice only possible in a feminine heart, mingled much advice with her congratulations. Then she added (in an aside) to the happy lover:

"Have a care, monsieur, my nephew. Mademoiselle is horribly self-willed. But say to her that she shall not go to the fete at Arles on Saturday next (as indeed it would be highly improper for her to do), and my word for it she goes."

The smile that Monsieur Beaudant gave the old woman was disdain itself, as he replied:

"My hand for it she will do nothing of the kind. Please say to Lucie I would speak to her."

"Ah! what blind bats you men are! Do you not know that the happy child has sought the sanctuary of her closet to commune with the blessed Virgin, into whose ear she pours alike her griefs and her joys?"

"Disturb her not. I leave her many benedictions. Guard well the treasure I have entrusted to your care!"

"*Bon soir*," returned the old woman as her grandnephew walked away.

Long she sat where he had left her, and the malignant frown upon her brow told only too truly how dark were her meditations. When night had settled down and mademoiselle had, as was usual after tea, retreated to her own room, Madame De Bourn stole out to visit her neighbor and gossip Dame Russett, and insisted that the pretty Pauline (the dame's eldest daughter and Lucie's most intimate friend and companion) should accompany her home and spend the night with mademoiselle, well knowing what confidences would be exchanged in that little white sanctuary, the bedroom of Lucie.

"Give me your arm, Pauline," said madame. "The way is rough, and my limbs are old. You will, of course, attend the fete at Arles on Saturday, child?"

"Most certainly, and Lucie must go along with me, good Madame De Bourn. You will not say me nay?"

"Indeed, my child," sighed the old woman, "you must not ask it. Monsieur has willed it otherwise."

"The vampire! the wretch!" exclaimed the indignant girl. "Does he forget that he was once young?"

"Hush! You must not speak so. I cannot counsel Lucie to disobey. Yet I fear the poor child will wish she had, in the days to come."

"Why so, madame?"

"She is affianced to Monsieur Beaudant, and you knowest well, child, that he is a stern, proud man, and, having elevated Lucie to his own station, will make a most exacting husband. Even in the very beginning he has laid down his commands regarding the fete."

"Unhappy Lucie!" exclaimed the young girl. "I indeed commiserate her lot, brilliant though it may be."

"I know my nephew's disposition, and that, though he has contributed to the spoiling of the child by overindulgence, yet he will not abate one jot in his exactions. Do you, child, wonder I would fain counsel her to attend the fete in defiance of his unjust commands? My word for it, the one who conquers now will be master or mistress for life."

"I shall not be so scrupulous," returned Pauline; "I shall speak my mind freely."

At that moment the click of the gate announced the return of madame, who with Pauline was admitted by the faithful Lissett, and the lamp which lighted the little stone passage disclosed a very pleasant smile upon the usually morose countenance of Madame Jean De Bourn.

"Lucie will not have retired yet," said she, "and will gladly receive you. So, good-night, Pauline, my dear. Lissett, show her to the room of mademoiselle."

The next morning madame hailed with keen delight the little frown that marred the beauty of Lucie. She seemed to bequite out of sorts for one who should be so happy. After breakfast, and when Pauline had gone home, Lucie seemed quite at a loss what to do with herself. But presently she brightened up at the sight of Monsieur Beaudant coming up the garden-path, and with the usual impulse rushed out to meet him. But when halfway she suddenly paused in sweet confusion as she recollected their new relation.

Calm and self-controlled, but perhaps a trifle more pronounced than usual, was his greeting, and his voice was low and tender as he questioned her.

"You did not sleep well, *mon petite mignon*, or you would not have those dark rings under your eyes, or so pale a cheek. Ah! presto," laughed he, noting with pleasure the quick-coming color as it swept up and brightened her lovely face. "Did the chain prove too heavy, love, and did regrets visit thy pillow to banish sleep?"

"Do not question the child. Do you not see that in her rest she is liable to be broken by joy as anything else?" said Madame De Bourn, appearing in the doorway. "For my part, nephew, I am glad you have come. Lucie at breakfast was all out of sorts; now she is radiant."

"What wonder, monsieur, when I was met upon the threshold by madame's 'must nots?'" pouted Lucie.

"'Must nots?'" laughed her lover.

"Yes, monsieur. I 'must not' upon any account go to the chateau any longer unaccompanied by madame. And then, to crown all, I 'must not' attend the fete with Pauline Russett and her brother."

"Madame is right, love. I will now visit you instead, and you know it will not be long before you come to the chateau to stay forevermore."

"But the fete, monsieur?" asked willful Lucie. "Surely, I may go once more, while—while I am nobody but Lucie?"

"You are not a nobody, *mignon*. Do you not see you are everything to me, and I cannot consent to my affianced wife attending a village fete like the common herd?"

"Indeed!" she began petulantly.

"Indeed," repeated he, interrupting her. "I have not the time to argue with you, Lucie. I have just received dispatches calling me to an estate I own in an adjoining province. I hope to be gone but a day or two. I come with my regrets and adieus. Go up to the chateau as much as you like in my absence. In spirit I will be with you, love."

He kissed her a tender farewell beneath the vines of the cottage-porch, and under madame's jaundiced eye and smile, though her heart cursed anathemas upon their happiness, which augured that her own future would be nothing to them, except as a pensioner upon the bounty of the nephew she desired to rule.

The day following the departure of Monsieur Beaudant was that of the fete at Arles, and Lucie had passed the intermediate time in a most unhappy manner. Urged by Pauline Russett to assert her independence and go with her as she had often done before, and still further urged by madame's opposition, which always aroused the demon in the girl's nature, it was not a matter of surprise that the willful and hitherto indulged creature should be goaded to an act of disobedience, the consequences of which she could not foresee.

It so happened that Monsieur Beaudant returned upon the very day of the fete, but to find that Lucie had gone to Arles with her young friends, and against his express commands. His anger utterly appalled madame, who with many tears protested that she had begged and entreated upon her knees that Lucie should consider the step she was about to take. Said the crafty creature:

"I recounted all the benefits heaped upon her by yourself, and begged her to obey you out of gratitude, if affection was not an incentive. But mademoiselle only condescended to inform me that she should begin with monsieur as she should hold out, and that the sacrifice she made in bestowing her young life upon one so much her elder ought to be your compensation for any willfulness she might choose to assert."

It is needless to say that madame drew very largely upon her imagination in the matter, or that madame was goaded into a passion of resentment which left her powerless to retract the humiliation and punishment of Lucie, and perhaps in the breaking-off of the match entirely.

When Lucie returned from Arles, the shadows of evening were gathering about the little stone cottage in the vale, and to her surprise it was entirely closed. No light welcomed her from the casement of the little parlor, where madame was wont to meet her, and to her repeated knocking no one came to the door. What could it mean? Madame must have gone up to St. Arne and taken Lissett with her. No doubt she thought it her duty to be on hand when Monsieur Beaudant returned, and report her disobedience. But she smiled to herself in fancied security of forgiveness as she turned her steps towards the chateau, resolving to show madame how great was her power over monsieur.

As she neared the gates a servant passed her in great haste, and seemed to wish to avoid being questioned. Of old portier who admitted her she asked if monsieur had returned.

"Yes, *ma fille*. Do you not know? Have you not heard?"

"I have heard nothing, Jaspar. Tell me quickly what you have to communicate. Is Madame De Bourn here? Why is there no one at the cottage to receive me?" she questioned in her old, imperious manner; for the pretty, little, willful thing had always been loved and obeyed by the servants of monsieur, and her will been to them as law.

"I grieve, mademoiselle, to tell you monsieur has met with a terrible accident, which the physicians say will cost him his life."

"Accident?" repeated Lucie with white lips and dilating eyes.

"Ah! mademoiselle, do not look like that. The Holy Mother grant it may not be so bad," returned he, but his words fell upon heedless ears.

With but one thought filling heart and brain, Lucie had darted into the great hall, passed a group of startled servants and up the broad staircase, where she was met by Madame De Bourn, who sought to detain her.

"Lucie, you must not go to him now. The physicians have forbidden all excitement!" exclaimed she, seizing her arm.

"O madame! tell me truly what has happened," gasped the girl.

"Do you not know? Well, monsieur returned soon after you had taken your departure for Arles. When he was informed of your disregard of his wishes, and that you had gone in defiance of them to the fete, he rushed out of the cottage in a great passion, mounted his horse, and, they say, as he neared the chateau, the steed, being a fiery one, swerved aside at a swaying bough, and in the heat of his anger at your conduct, mademoiselle, monsieur struck the creature a sharp blow. The next instant he was lying upon the greensward, crushed beneath the beast, which had reared and fallen over backward upon him."

Lucie would wait to hear no more. She tore herself away from the grasp of the old woman, and in an instant was kneeling beside Beaudant, bedewing his hands with her tears.

"Forgive me, monsieur; indeed, I have been wretched all day!"

Then, noting the deathly palor of his face, she almost swooned in the arms which feebly encircled her, while over and over he strove to assuage her grief by assuring her that she was forgiven and still possessed his undying love.

"Listen, monsieur!" exclaimed Lucie, struggling with her emotion. "I did not attend the fete. When we reached Arles, despite all of Pauline's persuasions, I went to my mother's cottage, and spent the day with her. She is ill, you know. And, though the whole village was in festivity, remembering your wishes I refrained from joining, but sat making caps for my mother, and rejoicing her old heart by telling her of my great fortune in becoming your wife."

Sobs broke further utterance, and the att

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

AFTER SEEING "EAST LYNNE."

The really touching scenes of that popular and pathetic play "East Lynne" sometimes produce more than a momentary effect upon susceptible natures. Here, for example, is a young lady who is on her way home from the theatre, and whose sympathies have been so deeply stirred that she is actually weeping. Whether the tears are called forth because of the mimic sufferings of the characters in the play, or from an unconfessed feeling of jealousy, it would be difficult to determine. The young lady, it should be explained, is accompanied by her lover—a most estimable young man, who contrives, on a salary of nine dollars a week, to wear a swell ulster, and to occasionally take his beloved to the theatre. Now, it may have occurred to this trusting maiden that her devoted Alfonso has another love, who, at some unlucky moment, may make her appearance, just as the governess does in the play. The very thought is enough to drive her distracted. For her sake we are glad that she does not notice the young woman with a veil over her face, who appears in the background. We would not intentionally do Alfonso the slightest injustice; but if this young woman is not one of his old flames, we should very much like to know who she is. The appearance of the little girl we can account for on the theory of a younger sister, whose immaturity makes her harmless; but why the artist should have put in that fourth figure, unless it be for the enactment of a tragedy, we are at a loss to conceive. It looks very much as though there was to be a repetition of the most effective scene in "East Lynne."

"MOLLIE MAGOAN."

TO MY FRIENDS "THE MAXWELLS."

WRITTEN BY JOSEPH G. WOOD (DHER "GERMAN" AMBASSADOR).

O Mollie dear! whin first you captured me heart
The days of me misfortune me seemed to have flown—
I'd not felt so quare since I left the ould dart;
And all on account of you, Mollie Magoan.

At first, dear, I thought I'd go in a decline,
Till I saw, faith, you'd niver be wan in that way;
So I banished long faces, quick removed all their traces,
And since then, me darling, I truly can say:

Chorus.

Sure, 'tis better to laugh than be cryin'—
That's a truth which there is no denyin';
And that's phoy I shmoile 'stead of soighin',
When I think of you, Mollie Magoan.

You reminded me night of O'Callahan's ball—
The night I'd the tiff wid your big cousin Mike—
How gayly together we danced through the hall,
And was ready whinever that band up did strike!
And Michael, your cousin, how jealous he got—
He swore, be the powers, he'd punch in me head!
Faith, he made me so mad, I swore that, bedad,
I'd dose him wid potheen until he was dead!

Spoken.—But don't start so, me darlint; whin I said dead I meant dead-drunk. You know I was sorry enough for it afterwards; and wasn't it proper work to sell, said to me: "Niver mond, Barney."

Chorus.—Sure, 'tis better to laugh than be cryin', etc.

The promise you gave me last night, Mollie dear,
When I kissed you good-by at the door, I'll be sure,
That you'd be me bride forninst this time next year,
Made me heart fill wid joy so it near bubbled o'er!
And won't it be happy the day that you're mine!
I'll count every moment till that time has flown—
Wid your dear face before me, why should I repine!
Faith, you'll be me jewel, sweet Mollie Magoan.

Spoken.—And, me darlint, the day we get married, after toasting your swate self, the next in order will be:

Chorus.—Sure, 'tis better to laugh than be crying, etc.

BEACH-STREET MUSEUM, BOSTON, MASS, 1849.

On Oct. 16, 1848, Robert Hamilton and C. L. Stone fitted up the upper part of a building near the United States Hotel, opposite the Boston and Worcester Railroad depot, in Boston, Mass., for theatrical purposes, and christened it the Dramatic Museum. It did not prove successful, however, and was at subsequent intervals opened by various managers under the title of the Beach-street Museum. The production of a burlesque entitled "The Female Forty Thieves, or the Fairy Daughters of Cochituate Waters," shortly after the introduction of water from Lake Cochituate into the city of Boston, proved a great success, and attracted very large audiences for several weeks. Of those whose names appear in the appended copy of a bill of performances given there, Joseph Proctor is before the public as a star; Dan Nourse is acting in the New England States; Mark Allen is the editor of *The Woburn* (Mass.) *Advertiser*, and occasionally acts with a small company before lyceums; Mrs. Reid died in Boston several years ago; Mrs. Nourse is before the public; W. M. Ward is traveling with Joseph Murphy's Combination; the Mr. Anderson who acted Orsini was possibly Lucius Anderson, now living in California, where he and Salmon, John Salmon's colored follower, occasionally emerges from retirement to please his old friends; Miss Matilda Phillipps is now an operatic contralto vocalist; David Whiting is in temporary retirement in this city, as is also Harry Watkins. We are of opinion that G. Warren White acted Rubaldo, and that by a typographical error his name appears as J. M. White; Richard Stephens died in Cleveland, O., May 17, 1869; Mr. and Mrs. Phillipps Family—sometimes called the Phillipps Family—sometimes called the Arvilla and Adrian—are living in retirement; J. H. Proctor, a brother of Joseph, was not a professional; Mrs. Charles Mestayer, who acted Pondiana and Hassarac, and of late years has been known as Mrs. Barney Williams, is now in Europe, superintending the education of her daughter.

BEACH-STREET MUSEUM,
Near the United States Hotel.

Mr. J. Proctor.....Acting and Stage Manager
Parquet orchestra, 50c; parquet, 25c. Box-office open from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M. Doors open at 6½; commence at 7.

FAREWELL BENEFIT and last appearance of
MR. J. PROCTOR.

Mr. Proctor, grateful for past favors, most respectfully submits the following for the approval and patronage of his friends and the public generally.

IMMENSE BILL OF ATTRACTION.
LA TOUR DE NESLE.
AND
THE FEMALE FORTY THIEVES
WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEB. 21, 1849,

will be performed the thrilling drama, in two acts, entitled LA TOUR DE NESLE, OR THE CHAMBER OF DEATH!

To conclude with the celebrated dungeon scene.

Buridan.....Mr. J. Proctor
Philip D'Aulnay, Mr. Nourse; De Marigny, Allen; Ralph, Mr. Clarke; Richard, Mr. Nelson; Walter D'Aulnay, Mr. Ward; Savoisey, Mr. Davis; Sieur Pierlomi, Mr. Laughton; Orsini, Mr. Anderson; Gaultier, Mr. Newman; Lander, Mr. Salmon; Duke of Burgundy, Mrs. Reid; Matilde, Mrs. Nourse; Jeanette, Miss Stickney; Julia, Miss Burgess.

FANCY DANCE.....BY LA PETITE JULIE
Song, "Young Crackovienne Maid"...Miss Matilda Phillips
After which, for the third time, the grand operatic drama of

THE BRIGAND.

Alessandro Massaroni, the Brigand Chief, Mr. Proctor; Prince Bianchi, Brother of Rosabella, Mr. Whiting; Theodore, Mr. Watkins; Albert, Mr. Ward; Nicolo, Steward of the College of St. Arnulph, Mr. Salmon; Rubaldo, Massaroni's Lieutenant, Mr. J. M. White; Pietro Tarra, Mr. Nourse; Fabio, Mr. Clark; Cardinal Secretary, Mr. Newton; Peasants, Guests, Soldiers.

A powerful chorus is engaged for the piece.

DANCING BY THE PHILLIPS FAMILY.

MR. J. H. PROCTOR will, by particular desire, sing his popular song of

"THE FRIEND OF THE BRAVE."

To conclude with, for the thirty-first time, the successful burletta

THE FEMALE 40 THIEVES, OR THE FAIRY DAUGHTERS OF COCHITUATE WATERS.

Pondiana, the chief fairy of Cochituate...Mrs. C. Mestayer
Cobweb, second Fairy.....Miss Arvilla Phillips
Glint.....{ Sprites }.....La Petite Julie
Spec.....{ Sprites }.....Miss Arvilla Phillips
Ali Baba, a wooden-pavement maker.....Mr. Whiting
Gammon, his son.....Mr. Salmon
Chasm, a thirsty fellow.....Mr. Anderson
Hassarac, a head of all the Thieves.....Mrs. C. Mestayer
Murphester, a lone widdy.....Mrs. Reid
1st Lieutenant of the thieves.....Miss Ward
1st Officer.....Mr. Nourse; 3d Officer.....Miss Williams
2d Officer.....Miss Stickney; 4th Officer.....Miss Burgess
Horrorbrand.....Mr. Ward
Wan, a peaceable fellow.....{
Rapine, a freebooter.....} .....by Gentlemen in Black
Famine, a well-fed gent'man.....}
Fang, an honest fellow.....}
John Donkey, a mere man.....Mr. Mead
Herr Dreesback, the lion of the piece.....Mr. Nourse
Cogie, a domestic nightingale.....Miss Provost
Munchiana, one of the G'irls, a musical genius.....Mr. J. M. White
Robbers, Fairies, etc., by the ladies engaged for the piece.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, Feb. 24, THE FEMALE FORTY THIEVES and a variety of entertainments.

THAT 'ERE SNAKE.

Will H. Cox, a Canton, O., correspondent, in writing to THE CLIPPER says: "Last Monday the 'Mammoth Rocky Mountain Museum' of zoological wonders, all contained in one freight-car, pulled up on a side track near the Ft. Wayne depot at Canton. Among the curiosities were a deer, a fox, a rabbit and a good-sized snake, the latter curled up naturally and quietly as in peaceful sleep. The hoodlums soon gathered about the car-door and began to ask queer questions of a chirpy looking man who seemed to be boss of the museum. The latter preserved a sort of uncouth dignity for a time, but finally gave way to the many interrogations and opened his valves:

"'D'ye see that 'ere snake?' said he.

"'We see 'im.' 'Wat's matter with 'im?' came the replies from the deadheads.

"'Nothin's the matter with 'im; on'y that snake aint et nothin' fer nineteen years.'

"'Wh—what a wopper!' exclaimed one gamin.

"'Didn't it crack yer jaw to tell that?' asked another.

"'Well, boys,' continued the boss, 'I'll swear to it, sure as you're born. I've been with that snake for twenty years through thick and thin, mostly thin; and I'll bet any man a ten-legged colt that he aint et nothin' for nineteen years.'

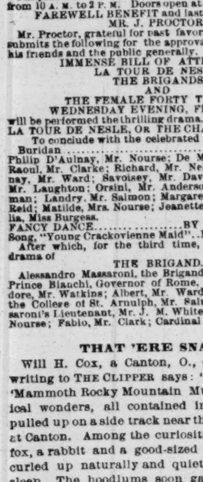
The boys opened their eyes wider than before, and presently one indiscreet youth asked:

"'How in thunder does he live 'thout eating?'

"Then the showman ejected a gill of tobacco-juice, and, as he cast his eyes around the group, he briefly and deliberately remarked:

"'Boys, that 'ere snake is stuffed.' And as he turned on his heel the boys wandered off down the track to steal a ride on a flat car."

FROLICSOME PONIES.



In the breezy days of boyhood, when the whole of a mince-pie can be devoured with no other sauce but a suspicion of dyspepsia, and when the circus is the ultimatum of earthly happiness—in those robust, green-apple days, what unlimited merriment has been afforded by the frolicsome ponies! With a view to recalling that keen enjoyment, we here with introduce to your notice a trio of the sagacious little animals. They have completed their travels for the season, and have gone into Winter quarters—for these ponies, it should be understood, belong to the circus. The self-satisfied, drowsy expression on their faces indicates that they find life a pleasant thing. No flies, no work, a comfortable stable and an abundance of oats—could any reasonable pony ask for more? You will observe that their only companion is a black cat. This privileged feline gazes with a feeling akin to awe at the professional ponies, and no doubt envies their jolly existence. The ponies themselves are not always so docile as they are here made to appear. If you should undertake to mount one of them, you would discover what their talents really amount to. They will have an easy time of it during the Winter; but, such is the charm of life under the canvas, they will grow restless with the approach of Spring, and long once more to sniff the sawdust. A pony is always amusing and comparatively harmless—considerably more harmless than a "schooner," for instance.

OH, MEET ME BY THE BROOKLET.

DEDICATED TO MISS LENA ABERLE BY WILLIAM BEEKMAN.

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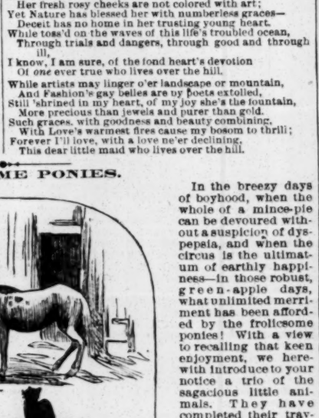
Oh, meet me, love, by the brooklet,
Where the willows throw their shade,
And the roses breathe pure incense
In the calm and mossy glade.
We'll sit beneath the arching vine
As blithe as e'er can be,
And listen to the little birds
Sing sweet their roundelay.

Chorus.—Oh, meet me, love, by the brooklet
Where the water-lilies grow,
For I long to wander with you
In the twilight, to and fro.

Oh, meet me, love, by the brooklet
Where the waters ripple low,
And as the silvery moon doth shine
We'll watch the brooklet flow.
When the dew-drops kiss the roses,
And Venus smiles above,
Then we'll whisper to each other
The old, old tale of love.

Chorus.—Oh, meet me, love, by the brooklet
Where the water-lilies grow,
For I long to wander with you
In the twilight, to and fro.

OUR JUMPING FROG.



In calling your attention to our wonderful jumping frog, we desire it to be understood at the outset that this frog is in no way related to the animal introduced to the world by Mark Twain. Without wishing to detract from the reputation of that frog, justice demands that he should not be confounded with our frog. The one was accustomed to enter into contests for money, while the other is of too severe morals to permit of any such practices. But the most marked difference is found in the fact that Mark Twain's frog was, at best, only an amateur, while ours is a professional performer in the sawdust arenas. His strong hold is the trapeze—indeed, his hold is so strong that it would be impossible for him to fall. He appears before you in one of his most thrilling feats, and with no net under him in case of accident. Mark Twain's frog could never have performed on the trapeze, and as the close of his career he even failed in his jumping act, and was ignominiously beaten by a common frog. Hence you will mark the difference between the twain. In his early life our frog developed a strong liking for the stage, but he became alarmed at the increasing popularity of the leg-drama (all frogs are suspicious of a public that dotes on legs), so he took to the sawdust ring. Next season he contemplates organizing a circus of his own, in which the company will be composed exclusively of brute artists. The wrestling bears, equestrian monkeys, educated dogs and trick mules are to be among the attractions. Mr. Frog himself will appear at every performance. That he is the most finished frog artist in the world, anybody will confess, unless he has a frog in his throat.

AMUSEMENT ANNALS—CLIPPER SERIES, NO. XLV.

THE OPERA-BOUFFE TRINITY.

Wherever fun and music have found a conjunction, there are known the names of the three composers whose likenesses stand shoulder to shoulder on our first page.

JAQUES OFFENBACH, among whose recent contributions to musical jollity are "La Boulangere a des Ecus," "La Vie Parisienne," "Les Jolie Parfumeuse," "Mme. L'Archiduc," "Les Georgiennes," "Le Docteur Ox," and "Le Voyage dans la Lune," is of Israelitish descent, and was born at Cologne on June 21, 1819. His family embraced choristers among its younger members, and his father was a distinguished chapel-master, who personally supervised young Jaques' musical studies until the boy was thirteen, when he sent him to the Paris Conservatory, then under the direction of the renowned Cherubini. He continued there until 1827, and then became a member of the orchestra in different Parisian theatres, and finally of that of the Opera Comique. In that capacity he played the violoncello, a fact that will account for the strong predilection for that instrument displayed by him in his orchestral scores. His remarkable excellence as a violoncellist led him to appear in concert as such in 1841, at which time he also publicly entered the field of musical composition, and in it manifested much originality. He likewise exhibited a penchant for industry and a cool effeteness, and upon the violoncello he imitated the violin and other instruments, notably the bagpipes. It was his success as to the bagpipes that was the entering-wedge to his great popularity with the Parisian middle and lower classes. Eventually, though the influence of Meyerbeer, he became a leader of orchestra in the French capital, and sustained the public interest in his compositions by setting a number of La Fontaine's fables to music, and by the superb manner in which his orchestra executed Gounod's beautiful numbers for the choruses of "Ulysses." In June, 1855, he procured a license to establish a theatre of his own—the Bouffes Parisiens, in the Champs Elysees. It was inaugurated by the production of his "Les Deux Aveugles" ("The Blind Men"), and his success was so marked that in about a year he abandoned the theatre in the Champs Elysees and established himself in the Salle-Comte, in the centre of the city. In 1857 he and his troupe made a tour of England, and in 1858 they went through Germany. In 1860 he incorporated ballet with his opera, and failed; and in 1861 he ventured upon "Barkouf" as a theme for the Opera Comique, and that also failed, its non-success being in part attributed to Scribe, who wrote the libretto, and had chosen a dog for its hero! At about this period Offenbach resumed the management of the hall relinquished for a while, and produced several new pieces, the chief of which was "Lischen et Fritzchen," which teems with pleasing melodies and is irresistibly comical. Among his works not already mentioned are "La Rose de Saint Fleur," in one act; "Orphee aux Enfers," produced so early as 1858, performed about five hundred times in Paris alone in its original shape, and within the past dozen years heard almost everywhere in various forms; "Geneviefe de Chloe," "Fortunio," "Le Pont des Soupirs," "Genevieve de Brabant," "La Belle Helene" in 1864, "La Barbe Bleue" in 1866, "La Grande Duchesse" in 1867, "La Perichole" in 1868, "Les Brigands" in 1869, "Le Roi Carotte" in 1872, and "Whittington" in 1873, besides many others that have not extended beyond Paris. His "Grande Duchesse" has drawn larger audiences than any other of his compositions, owing, no doubt, to the manner in which the title-role was portrayed by the fascinating actress who created it. During the year of the Exposition of 1867 he is reputed to have received 240,000fr. as royalty on the representations of his operas. He arrived in this city from Havre on May 5, 1876, and on the 11th he made his American debut, conducting the orchestra at Gilmore's garden. Afterward he participated in the Centennial Celebration in Philadelphia, and on July 8, without having created a furor, he sailed for France. The popularity he at one time enjoyed among the Germans he forfeited at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, by renouncing his German nationality and became a citizen of France. In punishment of this, his operas were for three or four years withdrawn from public representation in the theatres of Germany.

FLORIMOND HERVE, Offenbach's predecessor in opera-bouffe, was born at Houdain, a village near Arras, on June 30, 1825. Herve is his adopted name, his real one being Florimond Rouger (or Ronger). Having been educated in the school attached to the Church of St. Roch, Paris, he was intended by his parents for the ecclesiastical state; but Rosenthal, who is watching the retreating pair, seems to desire no clerical encumbrance. Looking at the man, however, he finds he is mistaken. Calm and unruffled in demeanor, supremely self-possessed in every emergency, sharp as a razor in conversation, witty, and a bachelor, it is soon apparent that Cecil Forsythe is destined to play a very important part in the course of succeeding events. After a hearty greeting with Philip, and mutual explanations regarding Cecil's prolonged absence from the scene of their early friendship, a volley of sarcastic sneers, directed against the world in general and women in particular, tell on Forsythe's part the old story of passion unrequited, and the attempted alleviation of love's despair in the distractions of foreign travel. Philip at once combats the affected cynicism of his friends, and stoutly champions the fair sex against Cecil's sweeping censure; while to strengthen his argument beyond dispute, and afford a practical illustration that his friend's views are based upon a limited and mistaken experience, he hastens to present him to his wife, Sessie. When the introduction takes place, the ejaculation of surprise on the part of each leads Philip to suspect they have been previously acquainted, but this fact they deny. Rosenthal, who has been watching his opportunity, now comes forward, and seeing the turn matters have taken, fixes the first poisoned dart of jealousy into the heart of the till now happy husband, and retires, well satisfied with his work. At last left alone, we find Rosenthal endeavoring to explain her position to Cecil, whom she had refused before she met Baxter, then preferring a certain John Brock, an unprincipled scoundrel, who, after intermittently squandering her means, committed forgery, and was sent to Portland for a term of years. There he was ultimately shot, or supposed to be shot, during an attempted escape from prison. This ill-fated marriage and its attendant disgrace have been kept from Philip, and now a fear that it may be discovered, together with the presence of the confessions German, causes her continued mental unhappiness. While advising her to confess all to her husband, who is sure to forgive her innocent deceit, Cecil unhesitatingly promises to keep her secret, and assures her in her trouble, for "Auld Lang Syne." Yielding at last to his wife's persistent appeals, Philip consents to part with Rosenthal, and leaves it in her hands to dismiss him. She is about to do so when he kisses in her ear: "I am your husband, John Brock," and the curtain falls on a very effective tableau. In the second act we are introduced to an elegant drawing-room in Baxter's house, where we find Cecil still a visitor, and in constant attendance upon Bessie, his watchful care and her continued grief and silent grief being made the most of by Baxter's select circle of friends, who by turns put the most unpleasant construction upon the movements of Bessie and her friend. Rosenthal, whose startling revelation has compelled Bessie's silence, of course still holds his position of manager secure, and figures prominently on the scene, endeavoring the while to extort money from the unhappy wife as a price for his silence. Suspected by her husband, threatened by Rosenthal, and sneered at by her friends, she at last receives from the latter an anonymous letter and pens a affecting letter to Philip, with a confession of her former marriage, and asking him to forgive her for all the misery she has caused him through her silence. Cecil overhears the letter resolve, and upon learning the reason prevails upon her to stay and fight John Brock, the man of whom she has so much dread, with his own weapons. She then gives him the letter she had written, to be delivered to her husband, as an excuse for her flight, and this is construed by Philip, who enters, as some guilty intrigue between the two. He demands the paper, which Bessie, on the advice of Cecil, refuses to give, and, maddened with jealousy and anger, he expels Cecil before the assembled guests, and commands Bessie to follow her paramour. This is aclimax of her woes, and, crushed by despair, she leaves the house, another powerful picture closing the act. The third finds Philip on the verge of ruin, the absence of Bessie affecting him in every possible way. Roused at last into action, he informs Rosenthal that, having advertised for a partner, he will no longer require his services. Baxter, and this worthy, finding his occupation gone, drops his assumed German accent for the while, and taunts the astonished Philip in very good English, then to lunch. At this juncture an old friend of Philip's, one Cecil Forsythe, arrives, and, stumbling against Rosenthal, who is watching the retreating pair, seems to recognize his voice

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in the order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Dec. 3.

LADIES' LIST.

Allen, Mad. (glass-blower)
Allison, Earle
Atkinson, Maude
Adams, Emma
Burt, Eliza Logan &c.
Bridges, Winona F.
Brent, Marian (of Leland's Co.)
Chanirau, Mrs. H. &c.
Crayton, Gussie(2)
Crabtree, Lotta
Olintetop, Lucy
Courtright, Mrs. Nettie
Chapman, Ella
Clifton, Blanche(of Howard's Co.)(2)
Dillon, Mrs. John
D'Este, Mlle (of Kid Sheet Music)
Dixon, Blanche
De Bar, Blanche
De Lange, Lillie
Davis, Lillie
Douglas, Lizzie
Dimple, Mrs. Dollie
Duncan, Carrie
Denier, Magrie
Emmons, Julia (2)
Eiseline Sisters
Forrest, Lillian (3)
Frayne, Mrs. Frank
Ferguson, Mrs. Della (3)
Freeman Sisters
Fontainbleau, Blanche
Forrester, Nellie
Grady, Mrs. G. G.
Garland, Grace
Graham, Tillie(p.o. m. London, Eng.)
Grant, Miss E. (of Boucicault's Co.)
Grace, Mlle.
Herbert, Florence (2)
Hoffman, Emma
Hallett, Alta (trapeziat)
Hill, Mary E.
Howard, Adah M.
Hallett, Alta
Irwin Sisters
Ifferd Sisters (2)
Ince, Mrs. (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Kimberley, Bessie
Kuhnke, Aurelia
Larretta, Millie
Lewis, Jeanette
Lynwood, Ada
Lovell, Annie E.
Lottie, Miss of Un. Tom Cabin Co.)
La Forrest, Mrs.
Loraine, Claudie
Lahey, Mary
Marston, Emma (vocalist)
Mortimer, Estelle
Martin, Mrs. Katie
Markham, Pauline
Maxwell, Kate
Marcia, Cenorita
Markley, Edna
Macarte, Madam
Miller, Clara
Martinez, Sadie F. (3)
Morgan, Jennie
Martyn, Estelle
Miller, Etta
Nelson Sisters)
Noble, Florence
Neville, Emma J.
Plunkett, Viola
Pearl, Robbie
Phillips, Ida
Phillips, Amy, (p. o. m. Milan, Italy)
Parker, Kittie
Price, Mary (late of Clifford's Co.)
Raymond, Kate
Roberts, Mad. (danseuse)
Robinson, Irene
Ransom, Alice H.
Richmond, Adah
Sanford, Lou (2)
Steele, Sallie
Sanville, Tillie
Sheldon, Mrs. Wm. E.
St. Felix, Clementine
Shandley, Josephine
Sanford, Mrs. Eva
St. Felix, Madam
Sheppards, Ella
St. Felix Sisters
St. Clair's Dram. Co., Dora
Tournour, Zilia
Vern, Mrs. Emma
Wiley, Dora H. (4)
Wallace, Agnes (of Wallace Villa Co.)
Wyndham, Alice (2)
Wild, Mrs. John
Whitland, Kittie
Williams, Annie
Worrell, Irene
Williams, Gussie
Wilson, Kate
Wade, Jennie
Wharton, Belle

GENTLEMEN'S LIST

Garland, F. (of Morris Bros. Minst.)
Gilbert, Clark
Gaston, Albert
Guy, Sr., Geo. (2)
Gerard Bros.
Great Metropol. Olympiad
Giddens, F.
Gwynn, Albert
Grisle, C. S.
Henri, Hi
Hart, Dan
Herbert, Alton
Hedges, Thos.
Husted, H. C.
Hall, Sig.
Hogan, Con
Haley, Eddie
Holmes, Jack
Healy, Dr. J. E.
Hernandez, Monito
Higgins, Mr. S.
Head, Harry
Hodges, B. S.
Harrison, Eugene H.
Harris & Green
Hooker, Fred
Hawley, Frank
Hinderabout, D. Dow
Hurley & Marr
Hogan, J. P.
Jones, Ed. T.
Jones, Frank
Jones, Arnold
Jones, J. (of Adah Richmond's Co.)
Jones, Mr. (of faude Stanley's Co.)
Kenting, John
Keeler, F. A.
Keene Julie
Kerandi, J. (of Callender's Minst.)
Kent, Frank
Keeshu, C. H.
Knight, F. W.
Lolly & Mack
Lucas, Sam
Leslie, Fred
Lockhard, —
Lee, Arm-man)
Leonard, Walla
Little Frank
Leslie, Roy
Little, Chas.
Leavitt, M. B. (2)
Lang, John H. (agent)
Liston, Hudson
Lang, Ned
Lee, Lavater, T.
Lewis, Frank
Lee, H. E.
La Pearl, Simion
Little, Rich'd (2)
Murray, John (circus prop.) 6c.
Murphy, Paddy
McGloin, Pete (2)
Meade, J. A. 18c.
Murry, Andy
Marsh, W.
Martinetti, Harry
Martino, Prof.
Martine, The A.
McDonald, Jas.
Meighan, J. J.
Martin, Sam
McEvoy, Fred
Manvers & Wood
McKroy, W. S.
Mack, Wm.
Morris, J. R.
Mullen, J. J. (minst. "bir") (2)
Wade, Fred (pantomimist)
Morris & Fields (2)
Montana, Alig.
Murphy, J. H.
Mathews, C. C. (gymnast)
Mack, Jas. W. (2)
Moore, H. C.
Murray, G. H.
Morosco Family
Muldoon, Ed.
Melville, Chas.
Marble, Ed.
MacEvoy, Chas.
Petrie & Fish (of Morris Bros. Minst.)
Pelham, Prof. (of Japanese Co.)
Pullman Bros.
Pell & Lewis
Paine, Ira
Perry Bros.
Palmer, John (medicine "bir")
Pritchard, Spencer
Parker, Prof.
Queen, Montgomery
Riggs, T. G.
Radcliff, Andy
Rinehart, Sam (2)
Robinson, Sig.
Rupert, Edwin
Roe, H. W.
Riley, J. J.
Robinson, O. S.
Roberts & Son (clog-makers)
Rice, Col. J. H.
Ryse, Ellis
Rosenbaum, E.
Russell, Fred
Redington, C. J.
Richardson, John
Riley, Jacob
Sully, Dan
Sidel, Tom
Seamon, Chas.
Sanford, J. J.
Spaulding, J. P.
Schneider, W. H.
Sheehan & Jones
Schwartz, Alonzo
Sheridan Bob
Sherrick, Mark
Sheldon, W. F.
Sutton, W. H.
Sullivan, J. J.
Saroney, Gilbert
Sanford, J. (of Sanford Wilson)
Searles, C. J.
Shimer, N. B.
Stanley, Ned
Swonstone, C.
Searles, Jr., C. J.
Spaulding, Mr. (of Spaid & L.) (2)
Stowe, Will H.
Steele, Frank (variety "bir")
Storm, Chas.
Stuart, Ed. (manag. of Crisp Sisters)
Stone, Den (circus "bir")
Shaw, Gus
Smith, Chas.
Turner, Fred
Tuthill, Fred (2)
Toole, T. R.
Thatcher & Hume
Thorpe & Haverly
Tinnuchi, Bart
Thorne, C. (of Op. Ho., Hartford)
Tuthill, W. J.
Tayleure, C. W.
Tuttle, J.
Trombadore Quartet
Terry, Wm.
Urabe, Algerme
Vernon, Harry
Vickorelli, L.
Van Wormer, G. H.
Vere, G. W.
Van Amburgh & Co.
Vincent, Felix A. (actor)
Voos, A. E.
Warner, J. E. (of K Claxton's Co.)
Wood, Col. J. H. (3)
Weston, Chas. D.
White, A. (of Dup. & Ben. Min.)
Wiley, L. H. (2)
Wentworth, W. (cornetist)
Wallack, W. (of Wallack's Co.)
Wilson, C. A. 6c.
Weaver, Add
Watson, Fred (English p. o. mark)
Wiley, Billy
Washburn, Tony
Wilson, C. A. 6c.
Weaver, Add
Watson, Fred (English p. o. mark)
Wiley, Billy
Washburn, Tony
Webbs, Geo. A. ("bones")
Walters, B. J.
Wallace, Gus
Wilder, Jas. W.
Walker, Prof. J. (2)
Zara, Prof.
Zoulig, F. W. (2)

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office for Annie Deland and J. G. Peakes.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Dec. 3, '77.

Thanksgiving was a failure, to begin with. The President selected the wrong day when he pitched upon the 29th of November as the accepted time to give expression to our thanks, and therein we have another evidence of the pernicious effects of his Southern policy. The day was about the worst that could have been chosen, rain pouring down in torrents from early morn till dewy eve, and rude Boreas blew his bugle blast in harmony with the downpour, thus rendering pedestrianism a very difficult exercise. Managers of theatres wore a gloomy look, in keeping with the weather, while industrious treasurers exhibited a despondency equal to that of a real mourner at the funeral of a wealthy uncle. And so the receipts of matinees, which had been figured up in double columns the day before, dwindled down to shameless proportions at the close of the afternoon entertainments. After nightfall the rain ceased, a star appeared in the cerulean blue of the firmament on high, and the impatient throngs turned out with as much glee as though they had just completed their terms of imprisonment for certain infractions of the law; and thus the fortunes of the day were retrieved, and the cash account looked less precarious than the noonday hours betokened, nearly every place of amusement being well-filled at night, to the delight and thanksgivingness of the parties interested. And so, all's well that ends no worse than the day ended ..... They have got "The Three Guardsmen" at Niblo's Garden, this week. Had there been three guardsmen at the Broadway Theatre on Thanksgiving-night, Manager Duff's safe would not have been despoiled of some twenty-three hundred dollars by some dishonest thief! Think of it! The entire receipts of the day taken and no questions asked. What has Manager Duff to be thankful for? we should like to know. Any thief who will steal from a manager in such a dull season as this must be devoid of all religious principles, and a total stranger to sweet charity. ..... Talking about sad things impels us to give publicity to the following distressing case, details of which were forwarded to our Jim one day last week:

CHARLOTTE, MICH., SUNDAY, Nov. 25.

OUR BOY JIM.—A terrible tragedy took place here this morning, the victim being Gipsy, belonging to the manager of our company. The unfortunate one was enticed to the barn adjoining the Phœnix Hotel and its brains scattered on the floor. After a brief agony she passed into the silent land. Suspicion points to a certain doctor, residing here, as the assassin; but as yet no arrests have been made. The affair has one and met with much sympathy in their bereavement. Yours,

AN OLD PROFESSIONAL.

We wept over this desolating recital, and Jim proposed that we should send a letter of condolence to those who loved only one had gone before; but a second epistle informed us that Gipsy was only a mangy, troublesome little dog, whose timely taking off has rendered a meek and forbearing combination of performers meeker than they ever were before, and thankful that the Jonah of the troupe is gone. "Let it be recorded," ..... If we see man in the Philadelphia people to get up two distinct shows of cats and dogs just at the time that our baby-show was announced to open. As if cats could compare with infantile prodigies, or dogs dispute for the palm of superiority with children born with teeth or six toes on each hand! We felt so indignant at the Quakers that we conceived the horrible idea of getting together two or three thousand avengers, and marching on the devilish cats like an army with boot-jacks; but the peace policy of President Hayes prevailed, and thus a catalogue of dogmatic holocausts was averted. Have you been to see our babies? It's a sight! My! my! And yet how any sane man can she the their infernal noise is what we cannot understand ..... "They say" that Brother Thomas and his famous orchestra are to be planted in Gilmore's Garden next season. We have no objection to that; but we have no hesitation in saying that unless Theodore gives us something besides classical music he need never expect to take root there. We do not advise him to fire off Mr. Rupp's biggest gun in his heroic selections, but we should like to hear his musicians play "The Sweet By-and-by," likewise a strain or two of "Whoa, Emma!" ..... Miss Regina Dace will illumine the nights at the Grand Opera-house this week. [Please pron-unce Dace as if spelled Days—otherwise the light of the remark will be extinguished.] Now, our sympathies always go out to a debutante, and we feel like saying something by way of encouragement to the lady who is announced to make her first appearance to-night; but if we do, likely as not somebody will accuse us of being Dazed by Regina's personal attractions. So, we will hold our peace ..... Where is the fellow who said that the taste for Shakespearian drama no longer existed? Haven't we had "Antony and Cleopatra," seasoned with gorgeous spectacle and made attractive by an Egyptian ballet? Yes; and what we wanted to observe was that this same ballet was regal—that is, it was Rigl. [That is the name of the premiere danseuse, James, and by patience you may wriggle out the pun.] ..... Yearning for a different sort of fame from that which clusters about the billiard-table, Edward Kendall has deserted the ivory balls for the glare of the foot-lights. When—how—if a man—here, James, we must find vent for this outburst of brilliancy in

A RHYME ABOUT THE CUE.

That one who has long known how to use
The cue so well as to make rivals furious,
Should now be obliged to *wait for his cues*,
Is something that's undeniably cue rious!

..... What with the three performances given at Gilmore's Garden on Thanksgiving-day, the members of the company must have been forced to take their turkey in sections. But that's the way it always is with our professional friends. A holiday to them means extra work, but not always extra pay. For which reason they find more than enough holidays in the calendar ..... Managers take some desperate chances now and then; as for instance, this week, Harrigan & Hart at their Theatre Comique bring out "Blackeyed Susan." In the days when we were young, such a thing as this would not be tolerated for a moment, because the old women of that age looked upon any young lady with a black eye as no better than she should be. And so they are, too ..... The Russian Athletes, lately performing in Kingston, Jamaica, are credited with having a dog which looks like a hog! He must be a Jamaica rum'un ..... Sometimes when we go to a place of amusement to take in the ballet, and find it composed mainly of those who were in their prime fifteen years ago, we feel a good deal down-hearted when we see the ravages time hath wrought with the fair faces and forms and limbs of the dancers. At such a moment we cannot refrain from saying, in the improved language of Shakespeare:

Superfluous legs—the veterans' on the stage.

..... The pious ladies who took part in the sacred concert given last evening at Atlantic Garden are all Vienna-bred ladies. One of them performs on sixty glasses. "Schooners?" No, Jimmy; musical glasses. "Ah!" They perform on more than that in the auditorium, James, and they are up to tricks, either ..... Brother Farjeon, all the way from London, is to read a piece in this city on Dec. 13. Considering that the gentleman is now closely related to us through his marriage with Joey Jefferson's daughter, let us do the handsome thing by this "Blade o' Grass." ..... Will somebody relieve us of a burden of anxiety by explaining what is meant by the following announcement as this: "In Mr. Smith's new play Helen will be divided into two parts." Here is plainly an opportunity for the legal authorities to interfere. Upon what theory can such a barbarous practice as dividing Helen into two parts be justified? Besides, such a division would inevitably lead to profanity, because you cannot separate Helen into two parts without giving the first part a call, try it, and see ..... Did we go to the Baby-show? Of course we did. And, to borrow one of the boy Jim's favorite expressions, "It was a rattler!" The sight of the triplets, and the twins, and all the rest of the phenomena, produced such an effect upon us that we straightway sat down and wrote these touching lines:

DEDICATED TO THE BABIES.

The baby fat, the baby thin,
The baby strong and lusty—
Why do they raise so loud a din?
What is it makes 'em crusty?
Though milk before them all is set,
To furnish wholesome lunches,
And many a pantry is chock-full,
They never get milk-punches!

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This may have been Joseph's brother. The pantomimist, who died on May 31, 1837, was then in his fifty eighth year. This would make him nine years younger than the man who is said to have died in Knoxville. There was not that difference in the ages of the two brothers; but it has not yet been proven that the Knoxville veteran was quite 106 years old. The case is worth investigating ..... Sara Bernhardt, the French actress, has been singled out to execute a bust of the late Felicien David the composer. Sara is an amateur sculptor ..... Miss Kate Field has received applausive commendation in London for her lecture upon "Charles Dickens." ..... "The Flowers of the Forest," which, as was stated some weeks ago in this column, is being rewritten by R. A. Sherbrie, who is to play the Kinchin, will be reduced from twelve scenes to four ..... The Rev. P. J. McCloskey, who, the picture of health, officiated at the funeral of the mother of Louise Sylvester, the third Sunday before, at St. Agnes' Church, of which he was assistant pastor, died Dec. 2, in his thirty-sixth year ..... Under the name of Mr. Cosman, the English peerage is being represented in the person of a performer at the Metropolitan Music Hall, London. This Mr. Cosman is no less a personage than the Viscount Hinton son and heir of Earl Poulett, and a descendant of the Sir Amyas Paulett who was in charge of the jailer of Queen Mary of Scotland. Mr. C., it is stated, is a good pantomimist, and years ago was engaged at the Surrey Theatre as a clown. His wife, Miss Virginia Vincent, once a ballet-dancer ..... Stuart Robson arrived in this city Dec. 2 ..... Between Clara Louise and Annie Louise, Max Strakosch is being badly squeezed. The Western papers are full of the squabbles of the operatic pair. The worst is that too much money has been spent upon bouquets for the rival song-birds ..... Miss Flora Ratey, niece of the late John A. Ryan, celebrated twelve years ago as a horse-tamer, was married in Groveport, O., Nov. 29, to Geo. S. Peters of the law firm of Pyrne & Peters, Columbus, O. ..... Forty shares of the stock of the Academy of Music, Baltimore, Md., the par value of which was $50 per share, sold on Nov. 28, at the stock board, for 13½ cents, or $5 for the lot. The stock is represented absolutely valueless. An impression has prevailed that each twenty shares entitled the holder to a box at the Academy performances, but such is not the case.

CITY SUMMARY.

AT TONY PASTOR'S, last week, holiday houses greeted a choice bill. All the specialists were new engagements with the exception of the Misses Alice Bennett and Georgie Kane, Messrs. Murphy and Morton (who, however, for the first time here gave their new song-and-dance "True Irish Gents," which closes neatly with a double-clog to the tune of "Slavery Days"), and the tireless Tony himself, in whose voice and verse there is still the old charm, about whose movements there are always style and dash, and whose budget for the nine performances of the past week comprised "The Alphabetical Song," "They're All Getting Married but Me," "I Shall Say Nothing, Not I," and "Whoa, Emma!" In singing the last he now reaches "the upper register," or the boys who sit aloft: but their refrain of "Whoa, Emma!" has a strong, manly ring, either ..... Brother Farjeon, all the way from London, is to read a piece in this city on Dec. 13. Considering that the gentleman is now closely related to us through his marriage with Joey Jefferson's daughter, let us do the handsome thing by this "Blade o' Grass." ..... Will somebody relieve us of a burden of anxiety by explaining what is meant by the following announcement as this: "In Mr. Smith's new play Helen will be divided into two parts." Here is plainly an opportunity for the legal authorities to interfere. Upon what theory can such a barbarous practice as dividing Helen into two parts be justified? Besides, such a division would inevitably lead to profanity, because you cannot separate Helen into two parts without giving the first part a call, try it, and see ..... Did we go to the Baby-show? Of course we did. And, to borrow one of the boy Jim's favorite expressions, "It was a rattler!" The sight of the triplets, and the twins, and all the rest of the phenomena, produced such an effect upon us that we straightway sat down and wrote these touching lines:

DEDICATED TO THE BABIES.

The baby fat, the baby thin,
The baby strong and lusty—
Why do they raise so loud a din?
What is it makes 'em crusty?
Though milk before them all is set,
To furnish wholesome lunches,
And many a pantry is chock-full,
They never get milk-punches!

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"EVADNE," which was produced at the Fifth-avenue Theatre Nov. 26, was found to be a better vehicle for the display of Miss Mary Anderson's histrionic abilities than any other play in which she had previously appeared. The costumes she wore displayed her figure to better advantage than it had been hitherto seen, while the characteristic head-gear, with waving plumes, worn by the male members of the supporting cast, rendered the disparity in height between the star and them less conspicuous; hence the harmony of the pictures presented was better assured. The title-character being of the heroic school, Miss Anderson was not compelled, at any time, to descend to what may be called commonplace or familiarity, in which she is ill at ease. In depicting the noblest trait of woman—virtue—her bearing was dignified, and her acting was imbued with strong dramatic effect. While she departed in many instances from the traditional stage business of the character, it cannot be said that she made any improvement thereon. In the second act, when appealing to the better nature of the King, she completely enlisted the sympathy of her auditors, who expressed their approbation by frequent applause. The cast, as a whole, was by no means satisfactory; Eben Plympton would have been much better fitted with the part of Vicentio than of Colonna, with which he was overweighted; while Mr. Norris, who acted Vicentio, elicited frequent titters of laughter from the audience; J. B. Studley acted Ludovico uncommonly well, giving it a vigorous impersonation and depicting in strong lights the fiendishness of the villain's nature. The difficult speeches allotted to him were read intelligently, and with excellent elocutionary effect. He exhibited much reserved force, and avoided any tendency to rant, for which the dialogue offers strong inducements. Miss Lizzie Rich, who made her first appearance at this theatre, acted Olivia fairly, as did George Middleton the character of the King. "Evadne" gave place on Thursday night to "Guy Mannering." Miss Anderson's impersonation of Meg Merrilies caught the favor of the public. When in the second act she made her first appearance by bounding from a tent to the centre of stage, and, striking a picturesque attitude, fixed her piercing gaze upon Henry Bertram, she was greeted with tumultuous applause; and after her exit it was renewed in so fervid a manner that the lady was compelled to reappear upon the stage and bow her acknowledgments ere the action of the melodrama was permitted to proceed. This may not be taken wholly as a compliment to Miss Anderson's talents, because she attempted to closely imitate the late Charlotte Cushman, not only in stage business, but in voice, gesture and action. In the delivery of the first words she uttered, "Better than you know yourself," she succeeded admirably; but in the subsequent dialogue she evinced how difficult it is for one company to give a perfect and correct imitation of any artistic peculiarities, more especially if one has not been permitted to closely study the model more than a short time previous to such an attempt. Added to this, the peculiarities of Miss Anderson's Western pronunciation would obtrude themselves, and this aided in dispelling the illusion. Those who remember the skillful make-up of Cushman—how artistically the veins and muscles of her withered arms and the lines of care and suffering on her weather-beaten face were depicted—found but little to praise in the similar attempt of Miss Anderson. Her face, naturally small, was made to appear still more diminutive by the peculiar arrangement of her flowing hair and head-gear. Notwithstanding these defects, her impersonation had in it much to commend. Her stage action, barring that she gesticulated somewhat too freely, was excellent, and her singing of the song with which she had lulled Henry Bertram when an infant in her arms to nightly slumber, and which she now sang without orchestral accompaniment, created an electric effect, the deep

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, New Orleans, La., Milton Nobles opened Nov. 25 in "The Phœnix," this being his third annual appearance here in the same piece. The business was good. He will close Dec. 1, and Miss Genevieve Rogers will become the attraction 2, supported by Aiken's Combination and remaining one week.....At the St. Charles Theatre MacAllister the illusionist opened Nov. 25, the house being completely jammed and hundreds turned away from the doors. The feature which seemed especially to attract so unusual a crowd was the gifts announced to be distributed at each entertainment.....At the National the German Dramatic Company are doing a good business in standard dramas and comedies in German.

AT FORD'S GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, Baltimore, Md., Louise Pomeroy began an engagement Nov. 26, acting in "Cymbeline," which was repeated 27. "As You Like It" was produced 28. Her acting as Rosalind was fresh, natural and captivating, and in the scenes requiring strong emotions she was fully equal to the task. Celia, by Eleanor Carey, was admirably given. The Jacques of Louis L. James was admirably done, and that reading of the Seven Ages was unenthusiastically received. George Denham's Touchstone was capital. Orlando was intelligently acted by Atkins Lawrence. All are deserving of praise, but the above, being the more prominent, need only be specifically mentioned. Matinee 29 and as night "The Two Orphans," 30 "Romeo and Juliet," Dec. 1, matinee, "Cymbeline"—night, "Macbeth." Miss Pomeroy remains another week.....Rose and Harry Watkins opened at the new Academy of Music Nov. 26, and succeeded in drawing fair houses, despite the short notice of their appearance. They were seen to the best advantage in "Trodden Down," which opened the engagement. Amy Lee gave a pleasing bit of character acting as Nelly Friery; Harry Celton's Robert O'Hara was natural throughout. The same may be said of J. Somers in his part of Herrick Wolfe. The rest of the cast was in acceptable hands. This play was given 26, 27, matinee 29 and Dec. 1; "Kathleen Mavourneen" 28, 29, 30 and matinee Dec. 3. They open in Washington Dec. 3.....An Art Entertainment, under the supervision of Geo. A. Gardner, late of Ford's, is to be given 3......"The Two Orphans," by an amateur organization, 4.

LEWIS MORRISON, who writes to THE CLIPPER complaining of the treatment he received at the hands of a correspondent of this journal in Connersville, Ind., during the past week, is respectfully informed that we have *no correspondent* in that city. The *Mr. Welch* who, Mr. Morrison claims, so represented himself *is not, and never was*, a duly authorized correspondent of THE CLIPPER. Had Mr. Morrison deemed it necessary to show his credentials, a full description of which is kept standing at the head of our dramatic summary, much annoyance would have been prevented. Let other managers visiting that city be warned in time.

JOHN F. RYAN, dramatic agent, Chicago, inserts his card in another column.

JOHN T. RAYMOND appeared as Col. Sellers in "Risks" in Columbus, O., Nov. 28, 29.

OF THINGS THEATRICAL in Boston, Mass., our correspondent sends the appended report under date of Dec. 2:

"The Soldier of Fortune" received its first representation at the Boston Museum Nov. 26, and has been played to good if not overflowing houses. The piece, though somewhat complex in story, concise in dialogue, strong in situation, and, with the added advantages of good scenery and pretty scenes, quite suitable for the term for which it is announced. The burden of the piece falls upon Mr. Barron in the dual characters of Frederick and Rudolph. Mr. Barron will be to Captain Kennor, Mr. McClannin as the Elector of Bavaria, and Miss Annie Clarke as the Princess Amelie. Mr. Barron is well suited to portray the chivalrous Frederick, and in its different phases it is played spirit and earnestness, and in his two brief scenes as Francois showed a marked difference in the characters of the cousins, which are naturally quite dexterous. Mr. Cotter had a part of the old-fashioned villain to perform, and to say he excited the abhorrence and aversion of his audience is to give him high praise. Mr. McClannin was dignified and bluff as the Elector, and was highly satisfactory in all things. Miss Clarke in the expression of her emotions while the scene which she is surrounded was powerful, always natural, and never overstepped the line descending into extravagance. George W. Wilson gave a characteristic and amusing personation of the timid retainer, and later in a different capacity as the friend of Frederick was fervent and natural. Miss Georgie Tyler was seen to a fair advantage in her limited scene in act 2, showing that she only wants the opportunity to make her mark. Mr McDowell was overweighted by the part of the Doctor. The other ladies and gentlemen appearing in the cast were satisfactory. The piece was handsomely presented in regard to scenic effects. Messrs. Giessing and Lancee giving some very pretty scenes, which, in the scene of the ruins of the Chateau Ringold, the auberge, pavilion in the Elector's park, the camp scenes, and a very picturesque panorama of wood and stream, which, being unlooked for on

RATES.

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OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

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THE NEW YORK CLIPPER ALMANAC

FOR 1878.

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